



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HURRAH for the Fourth of July, my dears! and hurrah for the grand hundred years that have passed over our country since she resolved to stand up for herself and go it alone!

Hurrah, too, for the beautiful, glorious Summer with its joy and music, its lessons of peace and love, and, last not least, its delightful VACATION!

Ah! that is what Jack loves—the school vacation—when boys and girls swarm in the woods and meadows, by the sea-shore, on the mountains, and even among the wet stones of the noisy brooks! Bless them! How their voices ring, and how their young hearts bound! What wonder that in July birds become wild with joy, and daisies nod, and trees shake down their ripening fruit too soon?

Jack does n't like to think of poor children in cities at such times as this. It's awful. Do all you can, my favored ones, toward helping those little pale cheeks to wide sunlight and the breath of flowers. Talk to the grown folk about it, and so help to multiply free Summer excursions for them. These free excursions for poor little ones are great things. Dear, dear! How the birds do try to sing their best on such occasions!

But enough. Let's have

TOM HUGHES ON FIGHTING.

It is hard, you see, for a steady, peaceable Jack-in-the-Pulpit to give you boys real, fire-crackery, Fourth-of-July talk, such as, perhaps, you'll expect to find in the July ST. NICHOLAS; but here is something that will answer very well. It's by Tom Hughes, the great historian of the school-boy. He is talking to the boys of England when he says it; but, mind you, he expects them to be sharp and get at its true meaning—not swallow it whole, like a pill:

After all, what would life be without fighting, I should like to know. From the cradle to the grave, fighting, rightly understood, is

the business—the real, highest, honestest business—of every son of man. Every one who is worth his salt has his enemies, who must be beaten, be they evil thoughts and habits in himself, or spiritual wickedness in high places, or Russians, or Border-ruffians, or Bill, Tom, or Harry, who will not let him live his life in quiet till he has thrashed them.

CAN THE TELEGRAPH SING?

THE birds are quite in a state of excitement up our way over a new invention that has come to their knowledge. It is called Gray's Telephone, and it undertakes to *sing by telegraph*! What say you to that, my chicks? Yes, they say it can hum "Home, Sweet Home," "Yankee Doodle," and on Sundays, "Old Coronation"—hum them so well that any one listening can tell the tune to a certainty.

The newspapers have had accounts of this wonderful thing; they say that, by means of his telephone, Mr. Gray can sit down in Milwaukee and play tunes for the instant enjoyment of friends in Chicago. They say he did this very lately. What is more, Mr. Gray knows your friend, Mr. Haskins, Commander-in-Chief of the great Army of Bird-Defenders—whose muster-roll appeared in the June number of ST. NICHOLAS—and Mr. Haskins has heard the telephone!

Electricity is a wonderful thing. The robins and sparrows don't understand it at all—they think it is only a tremendous system of bird-perches stretching all over the country; but the owls—ah, you ought to hear them hooting about electric currents, and Franklin's kite, and Summer lightning, and cats' backs, when you boys and girls are asleep!

GRAMMAR IN RHYME.

HERE is something useful. I heard ten little tots reciting it at once, not long ago, to the pretty schoolmistress as she sat upon the willow stump smiling and nodding at them like a good one.

Three little words you often see:
The Articles *a*, *an*, and *the*.

A Noun's the name of anything,
As *school*, or *garden*, *hoop* or *swing*.

An Adjective describes the Noun,
As *great*, *small*, *pretty*, *white* or *brown*.

In place of Nouns the Pronouns stand,
As *he* or *she*, *your* arm, *my* hand.

Verbs tell of something to be done—
To *read*, *count*, *laugh*, *sing*, *jump* or *run*.

How things are done, the Adverbs tell,
As *slowly*, *quickly*, *ill* or *well*.

Conjunctions join the words together,
As *men and women*, *wind or weather*.

The Preposition stands before
A Noun, as *in* or *through* the door.

The Interjection shows surprise,
As "*Oh!*" how pretty"—"*Ah!*" how wise."

The whole are called Nine Parts of Speech,
Which reading, writing, speaking teach.

THE COMPANY PLAN.

HERE's something, my dears, that the editor of ST. NICHOLAS said long ago to a crowd of youngsters. As I never heard of its doing them any

special harm, it occurs to me that it will not hurt my little folks to hear it:

Did you ever notice what an amiable, pleasant feeling steals over you when you are visiting and on your "good behavior?"—how willing you are to overlook anything that interferes with your comfort?—how anxious to please, and how ready to take an interest in all that is going on? At these times your face lights up, your voice grows sweet and cheerful, your very movements become graceful. "What pleasant persons these friends are!" you say to yourself; and they very naturally consider you quite winning and delightful. So far, so good. It is just as it should be.

Of course, when you go home you take all your pleasant ways with you. If these friends who have known you but a little while, and who care for you merely as friends, have power to brighten and sweeten you, certainly when you return to your own relatives, who love you so much more, you'll be brighter and sweeter than ever.

Is it so? Perhaps it is. But if, by any chance, it should not be—if, for instance, you choose to let yourself be sour or indifferent at home, thinking any tone of voice, any glum look, and any careless word good enough for "the folks"—I'm sorry for you, that's all. You lose a great deal of comfort, and you miss a great opportunity of making others happy. But it is never too late to improve. Suppose you try the company plan. Be polite, sunny, and charming at home. Commence to-morrow—no, to-day. The home life is only a visit, after all, for no family can remain together always.

THE INVENTOR OF THE WHEELBARROW.

It takes a great man to do a little thing sometimes.

Who do you think invented that very simple thing called a wheelbarrow? Why, no less a man than Leonardo da Vinci.

And who was he?

He was a musician, poet, painter, architect, sculptor, physiologist, engineer, natural historian, botanist, and inventor, all in one. He was n't a "Jack at all trades and master of none," either. He was a real master of many arts, and a practical worker besides.

When did he live?

Somewhere about the time that Columbus discovered America.

And where was he born?

In the beautiful city of Florence, in Italy.

Perhaps some of you may feel a little better acquainted with him when I tell you that it was Leonardo da Vinci who painted one of the grandest pictures in the world,—*"The Last Supper,"*—a picture that has been copied many times, and engraved in several styles, so that almost every one has an idea of the arrangement and position at the table of the figures of Our Lord and his disciples; though I am told that, without seeing the painting itself, no one can form a notion of how grand and beautiful it is.

And only to think of the thousands of poor, hard-working Americans who really own, in their wheelbarrow, an original "work" of Leonardo da Vinci!

STEP OVER.

My bird-friends tell me that ostriches, notwithstanding their long legs and their wonderful power of running, never attempt to get over anything that is more than a few inches high. A fallen log is an impassable barrier to them, and, according to all accounts, you could imprison them for life by surrounding them with a fence hardly more than one foot high! Now, it seems to me, from what I hear, that there are a good many boys and girls of the ostrich sort in this world—a very little thing

hinders them. Even when they are going in the right direction, it's astonishing how easily they can be turned back if a slight difficulty rises in their path.

It ought not to be so, my chicks—and I don't say it always is so. But it will never happen, if always at the right moment, you will remember the ostrich, and try to *step over*.

I'm not talking about very big difficulties; they are hills and mountains of another sort. The little fallen logs and timbers in every-day life are far more important, because there are so many of them.

Davy Crockett said, "Be sure you're right, then go ahead!"

To which Jack adds—and *step over*.

A LETTER FROM SCOTLAND TO THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

HEIGHO! Here's trouble! Here have I been keeping a letter for weeks and weeks, instead of handing it over like a good Jack-in-the-Pulpit. Sorry, but it cannot be helped now. "Forgive and forget." So, dear Arbutus, as I did the forgetting, may be you'll do the forgiving, and call it square.

DEAR ARBUTUS: I have read your correspondence with the Scotch Heather, kindly forwarded to ST. NICHOLAS by Jack-in-the-Pulpit; and I am pleased to observe the friendly relations subsisting between your dainty little ladyship and my hardy old crony of the mountain.

But I want to say a word about the Heaths. The "Cape Heath," dear, is very different from the Scotch Heather. Its home is at the Cape of Good Hope, where there are three hundred species, many of them twenty feet high. When they come to see us in Scotland, the people put them in beautiful glass houses by themselves, where they blossom all over in a profusion of delicate bells, some of them two inches long, and of every shade of pink and purple, with waxen white and brilliant yellow. There are only two kinds of these showy Heaths in Scotland. One is a pale rose-color, the other deep crimson. They grow in tufts and clusters, here and there; but your true Heather covers many a mile of moor and mountain, and, from the profusion of its tiny pink blossoms and close, thick leaves, has a purple effect at a distance. It grows from a few inches to several feet high, according to circumstances, and varies considerably in depth and shade of color. One rare variety is pure white. It is so full of honey that the bees love it dearly.

None of the Heaths are blue, but we Bluebells like to live amongst them, and perhaps from this cause it has sometimes been supposed that the Heather itself is blue. The Blue, or Harebell, however, is not the same as the wild Hyacinth, whose lovely drooping flowers make all the lowland woods and pastures fragrant in Spring and early Summer. The Bluebell is a true mountain maiden, haunting the bare rocks and wild hill-sides, coming into bloom with her beloved companions, the Heathbells and Heather, and lingering with them till the advent of the frost and snow.

And now, hoping you will excuse this long letter, and trusting that you have had a most happy blossoming, I remain your loving friend,
THE BLUEBELL OF SCOTLAND.

SPELLING OUT OF SCHOOL.

THE children had a good joke lately. They were picnicking in our meadow, and one of them suddenly asked the pretty school-mistress:

"Miss G——, how do you spell NEED—need bread?"

"K-N-E-A-D," replied the school-mistress, promptly.

"Wrong!" cried all the children, in a breath. They evidently had heard the joke before.

The school-mistress looked astonished.

"Certainly, it's wrong," insisted the first youngster; "that's to knead *dough*. It's N-E-E-D, need!"

THE LETTER-BOX.

ROSE FULLERTON asks: "Do most little girls like to sew?" We cannot say, but we are sure that nearly all little girls like to have things sewed, and we know, too, that there *are* little girls who are not willing to impose all their sewing on other people.

M. A. E. —We cannot give you much encouragement in regard to your contributing to ST. NICHOLAS. In the first place, we do not need any "regular contributors." We have more articles on hand than we can use in a long, long time, and every month we return hundreds of *excellent* stories, essays, and poems, simply because we have no room for them. If we printed all the good things that we receive, we should have to make ST. NICHOLAS eight or ten times as large as it is, and charge more for it than any of you would be willing to pay for a magazine. But we are always willing to examine anything good that is sent us, because it is just possible that it may be better than anything that we have on hand. In that case we want it, but not otherwise. While we are glad to have our little friends write to us, and will print their letters or sketches in the Letter-Box whenever we can, it is useless for our friends to send us articles for the body of the magazine unless they are practiced writers, and feel that their contributions are likely to be better than any of the hundreds of manuscripts that ST. NICHOLAS has on hand.

We do not wish to discourage any persons who are convinced that they can write really first-class stories, sketches, or poems from sending their work to us. We *may* accept some of their articles. But we do not wish to encourage any one else.

S. A. BLAKE.—Your coin is a piece of Turkish money, of small value. It is modern. On one side is a little dot in the center of the coin, surrounded by a Turkish inscription. The large figure under the inscription on the other side is a *fac-simile* of the Sultan's signature.

As so few of our readers own gold-mines, we print the following letter:

Central City, Colorado, May 11th, 1875.

TO THE EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS: I thought that I would write you a few lines to let you know that I take the ST. NICHOLAS, and I think that it is a very good book. I am ten years old. I study in the Second Geography, First Speller, and Ray's Practical Arithmetic; read in the Fourth Reader, and am writing in the fourth number of your writing-books. I own a gold-mine, and I named it the Crumplehorn. I speak of it, for I did not know but what you would want to buy it. I own 1,500 feet in length, 150 feet in width. I will sell it for \$500. I see a good many letters in the ST. NICHOLAS that children write, and thought that I would like to see mine in print.—Yours truly,

FRANK G. MOODY.

ANNE P.—"Faust-Life" is a very pretty little sketch, but it is too long for us to print.

We cannot give subscribers the residences of our contributors.

Buffalo, April 14th, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I should like, if I might, to make a suggestion, and in fact to make two.

In the first place, could n't we have a little larger Letter-Box? In *Our Young Folks* it used to take up four or five pages, six sometimes, and I used to enjoy it so!

In the second place, I should like to propose a Correspondence column. I suppose you know what this means: any one who would like to correspond with somebody else, sends his name, address, and requisites for correspondence, which are published.

Wishing long life to ST. NICHOLAS, I remain, respectfully, M.

In answer to "M." we would say, as we have said before, that we do not care at present to open a Correspondence column. The benefit to be derived from it is not, in our estimation, equal to its probable disadvantages.

As for the enlargement of the Letter-Box, we too should be glad if we had more space to devote to communications of our young friends. The Letter-Box, at present, will not hold half of those that reach us.

HATTIE GERTRUDE.—The "Bumble-Bees' Party" is full of very pretty fancies. It would be creditable to many an older writer.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, eight years old. I live in Brooklyn, near Fort Greene; and I think the happiest day in the month is when my ST. NICHOLAS comes, with my own name on the wrapper.

I have the darlingest little baby brother in the world, and when he gets old enough wont I tell him rhymes and jingles! I know lots of them now.

I have made some verses about our dear little cunning baby, and mamma said that I might send them to you, and perhaps you would put them in the Letter-Box.

Isn't the "Eight Cousins" splendid? I thought "Nimpo's Troubles" was lovely, but I think I shall like this even better.

I love to write dearly, but I make a great many mistakes. Mamma says the meter is not quite right to these verses. I do not know exactly what that means, but when she gets the baby to sleep she will explain.

M. C.

MY BABY BROTHER.

I have a little brother,
He is only three months old;
He is such a little darling,
He is worth his weight in gold.

I often take him riding
In my dolly carriage red;
When he is a little older
I'll take him on my sled.

When I ride my little brother,
He pays me with a smile;
I think that is pay enough
Should I ride him a whole mile.

He thinks his thumb the sweetest
That ever baby had,
And when it's taken from him
He is just a little bad.

He laughs all day at nothing,
With a dimple in each cheek;
I'm sure he'd say he loved me,
If he could only speak.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following:

I believe inquiry was made in ST. NICHOLAS for October, 1874, for employment or amusement for a boy who is a cripple. I once knew a boy who bought colored tissue paper, with which he made plain kites by the half-dozen for the toy-shops, and he earned considerable money by it. Perhaps the bird or man kite would sell even more readily. I think he could learn to make willow baskets, and sell them at variety stores or give them to his friends. He might knit stockings or mittens, or piece quilts for the poor. If musically inclined, he might learn the violin or guitar. He could learn to embroider with silks or worsteds, or make pen-wipers or other fancy articles. Drawing would be very fascinating, if he had any one to teach him, and this remark would also hold good in regard to modeling in clay.

To "JICKS," and any others of our subscribers who are going to Europe: The postage on ST. NICHOLAS, when sent to foreign countries, must be prepaid by us in stamps. To Great Britain it is four cents on each copy; to France or Germany, twelve cents; to Austria, Italy, or Switzerland, sixteen cents. This amount for each copy should be sent to us in addition to the subscription price.

SADIE W. PARSONS sends the following recipe for making skeleton leaves, in answer to Clarence Dellam's request in the May number:

Leaves to be skeletonized should be gathered only in dry weather, should also be perfectly matured, July and August being the best months to gather them. Among the choicest varieties are vine, poplar, beech, and ivy leaves. Dissolve four ounces of washing soda in one quart of boiling water; add two ounces of quick-lime and boil fifteen minutes; allow this to cool; then pour off the clear liquor into a clean saucepan, and when at a boiling point place the leaves carefully and boil one hour; boiling water should be added occasionally to supply that lost by evaporation. If after boiling one hour the cel-

lular tissue does not rub off between the thumb and finger, boil them till it will, always placing the leaves in cold water to separate the fleshy matter from the skeleton. Bleach the skeletons by putting them in a solution of one quart of water, a large table-spoonful of chloride of lime, and a few drops of vinegar. Let them remain in twenty minutes, and then remove and dry between sheets of white blotting-paper, beneath a gentle pressure.

The following boys and girls have sent in similar directions: Henry Carver, J. H. Drechsler, Fannie H. Kellogg, Clarence P. Dresser, "Gussie," Theodore M. Purdy, Annette H. Aldrich, Harry Mason Plaisted, and Minnie Fisher.

Clarence is fortunate also in receiving answers to his other question—how to crystallize flowers. Henry Carver sends the following recipe:

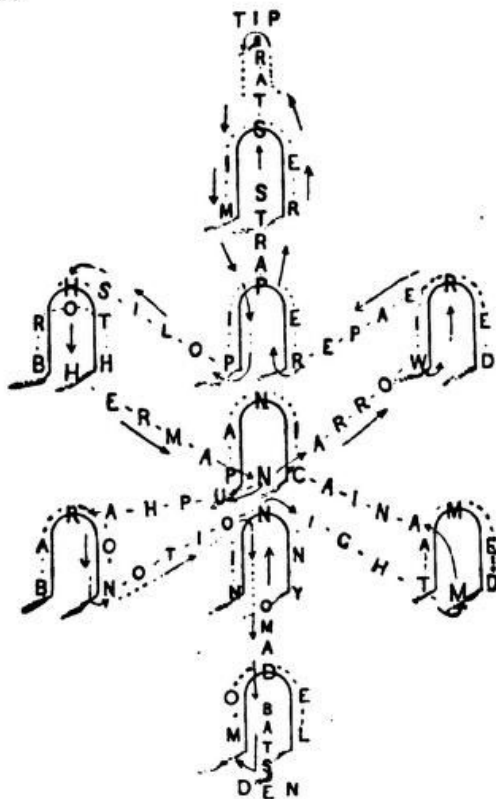
Put eighteen ounces of alum into a quart of water (keeping the same proportions for a greater or less quantity), and dissolve it by simmering it gently in a close tinned vessel over a moderate fire, stirring it frequently with a wooden spoon.

When the solution is completed, it must be poured into a deep glazed jar, and as it cools the subjects intended to be crystallized should be suspended in it, by a piece of thread or twine from a stick laid across the mouth of the jar, where they must be suffered to remain for twenty-four hours. When taken out of the solution, they are to be hung up in a shady, cool situation till perfectly dry. Care should be taken that the solution is neither too hot nor too cold, as in the one case the crystals will be very small, and in the other much too large.

Among the vegetable productions, the moss-rose, bunches of hops, ears of corn, the daisy, hyacinth, pink, furze blossoms, lichens, and mosses are some of the most suitable subjects.

Very similar directions were received from Harry Mason Plaisted, Dolly W. Kirk, and Gertrude Turner.

HERE is the diagram of the croquet game published in the May number:



ALLEN CURTIS' question in the April Letter-Box has been answered by a large number of boys and girls, whose names will be found below. Some of these, besides giving the special facts which Allen desired, have sent in some general information about the Bible, which may interest him and others of our readers. We therefore print the following, from F. S. D., as being the most complete:

THE BIBLE.

The division into chapters was first made by Cardinal Hugo, about A. D. 1240. The plan of Hugo having become known to Rabbi

Nathan in the fifteenth century, he made a Hebrew concordance to the Old Testament, retaining the chapters, but improving the order of the verses. The New Testament was divided into verses, and numbered, A. D. 1545, by Robert Stephens, a learned Frenchman, who was printer to the King of France.

It is said that three years were spent in the curious, but idle calculation of the following tables:

	In the Old Testament.	In the New Testament.	Total.	Apocrypha.
Books	39	27	66	..
Chapters	929	267	1,196	183
Verses	23,214	7,959	31,173	6,081
Words	592,493	181,253	773,746	152,185
Letters	2,728,100	838,380	3,566,480	..

In the Bible.

The middle chapter and the shortest is Psalm CXVII.

The middle verse is the 8th of Psalm CXVIII.

The word "Jehovah" occurs 6,855 times.

In the Old Testament.

The middle book is Proverbs.

The middle chapter is Job XXIX.

The middle verse is in II. Chronicles, the 20th chapter and the 17th verse.

The shortest verse is the 25th verse of I. Chronicles.

The word "and" occurs 35,543 times.

In the New Testament.

The middle book is the II. Epistle to the Thessalonians.

The middle chapter is the 13th of Romans.

The middle verse is the 17th verse of the 17th chapter of Acts.

The shortest verse is the 35th verse of the 11th chapter of John.

The word "and" occurs 10,684 times.

The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra has in it all the letters of the alphabet except J.

The 19th chapter of the II. Book of Kings and the 37th of Isaiah are alike.

Similar communications have been received from Ruthie Bristol, Richard Aldrich, Woods P. Johnson, Mary B. Gardner, F. E. E., Frank C. Brinkerhoff, Hosmer Clark, Kitten Anderson, E. W. O., Paul De Schweinetz, Eddie Brading, Eleanor McDermott, Charles Baldwin, Luella M. Palmer, C. I. F., Alice L. Burdett, "Plymouth Rock," C. W. D., James J. Ormsbee, "Little Nell," Frank D. Emerson, Minnie Hanchette, Arthur J. Burdick, Lillie G. Lay, Nettie W. Pierce, "Ida Ho," Lewis Akin, Francis B. James, Gussie Stephner, Martin Andrews, Jr., "Emma," E. N. Fussell, Marion E. Gooding, M. Emma T., J. G. G., "Myrion," Carrie A. Johnson, Lizzie C., L. M. Nicholson, Harry Stancombe, W. E. Craighill.

A. L.—"How the Flower came into the World" is quite a pretty idea.

MAY R. S.—"John and Gillian" is very ingenious.

"THE Young Folks' Literary Club," of Maryville, Tennessee, sends us, through its librarian, an appeal for such books and periodicals as the young folks all over the country have read and do not want any longer. This club is not able to buy all the books they want; but if any of our readers have books or magazines that they would like to send to the librarian, Mr. John T. Anderson, Box 20, Maryville, Tenn., he will pay the cost of transportation. The club is very kindly spoken of by the clergymen and leading men of Maryville.

A SUBSCRIBER.—The poem is good for a girl of twelve, but not peculiar enough to print.

HERE is a letter to the boys and girls from a very sensible Englishman. It is a good letter to read on the Fourth of July:

You often hear people talk about "the old country," and you know as well as I do what this means. On the Fourth of July, don't you let off fire-crackers to celebrate the breaking off by the Colonies from the rule of England? and that important event, you know, occurred less than one hundred years ago; so that if England is called the "old" country, it is not a mistake to speak of this as "new" or "young."

Now, I think it is very likely that, as older folks do, you think with interest of the dead men and women and boys and girls who are your relatives of hundreds of years ago, who had the same name and were of the same family; and you have already learned enough of history to think of them as having their home in England, far away on the other side of the great Atlantic Ocean.

When an English person comes to live on this side he is so very apt

to contrast the newness of what he sees with the mellow or decaying age of much that he left behind him. Even in the earliest settled places in New England, where the houses and churches and public halls seem quite venerable to an American, they do not appear thus to an Englishman, or, at the least, not to me. This will not surprise you when I tell you that I recently worshipped in an English church built certainly not later than during the reign of Edward the Confessor, who died, as you may remember, in the year 1066 A. D. Underneath the noble cathedral at Ripon is a small chapel which it is thought was built about twelve hundred years ago; and scattered up and down in England are quaint old country towns nestling around their stately, rock-like churches, looking not much unlike what they were several centuries ago. I have seen many such in traveling about, and, besides, a good many ruinous castles frowning from the hill-tops or the banks of crystal rivers. Now, as perhaps the relatives of some of you, hundreds of years ago, bought and sold and attended church in one of these towns—or, it might be, went out in steel armor to battle from the massive gate-way of one of these castles, I think I do not mistake when I suppose it likely you will some day take an interest in these old places, because they were built by men who are as much ancestors of some of you as they are of UNCLE HARRY.

PLEASANT letters or little sketches, which we would be glad to notice separately if we could, have been received from Jessie Maxwell, Willis Hubbard, Bessie Clark, Melinda Evans, Grace Gordon, Clarence W. McElwaine, Emma G. Lund, C. N. M. Rose, Sadie W. Parsons, Julia Elliott, C. B. Dare, and Hubert Houston.

HERE is an item for the Bird-Defenders from *Harper's Bazar*:

Lady Burdett-Coutts, a very rich and generous English lady, favors a society for the prevention of cruelty to humming-birds. From personal knowledge she certifies that one Parisian milliner uses forty thousand of these birds every season, and reasonably predicts that, slaughtered at this rate, they will soon be extinct.

We do not suppose that our army has yet much influence in Europe, but this paragraph should put them on their guard, for there are a great many bonnets in this country, and a good many humming-birds too.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE GRAND MUSTER-ROLL.

THE following list comprises only a part of the additional names sent in for the Grand Muster-Roll. The remainder will be printed in our next issue:

Ernest Holmes, of West Liberty, Iowa, sends the following list: Ernest Holmes, Loring Holmes, Azona Maxson, Dora Maxson, Sadie Bowersock, Ella Hogue, Urania Ilderman, Ellen Evans, Clara Meade, Allen Walker, Emma Walton, Tommie Rhodes, Edna Weaver, Louie Blakeslee, Ada Shaw, Minnie Pokder, Jessie Winslow, Hattie Shaw, Olie Nichols, J. Park Nichols, Willie Wheeler, Eddie Millard, Willie Evans, Clarence Scott, Hugh Evans, James Wheeler, Geo. D. Evans, Lizzie Harrison, Mary Harrison, Jesse Holmes, Emma Prouty, Ida King, Eva Windus, Bertha Harris, Linnie Purvis, Anna Daiber, Lizzie Bailey, Jennie Richards, Nellie Sumner, Ina Glenn, Hattie Palmer, Lilian Lewis, Ella Meade, Minnie Campbell, Lizzie Shipman, Celta McFadden, Mary Smith, Libbie Shannon, Lizzie Kale, Della Windus, Sara Dotson, Annie Keith, Callie Givans, Louie Henderson, Gertie Alger, Ida Givans, Jessie Alger, Anna Patterson, Lilian Prather, Levi Pond, Ernest Null, Geo. Fulton, James Deemer, Howard Walton, Charlie Dewey, Jos. Clapper, Harold Childs, Fred Evans, Delos Morris, Hattie Staples, Cullen Staples, and Lucy Walton.

Daisy B. Haynes, of Fulton, sends these names: Daisy B. Haynes, John Paul Haynes, Carrie Anderson, Georgie Ney, Freddie Spencer, Anna Perkins, Nellie Jennings, Ida Chanton, Nellie Royce, Mollie Royce, Louisa Cosco, Chara Whitaker, Jennie Lusk, Willie Royce, Nettie Montague, Luella Wilcox, Sara Darrow, Rollo Mosher, Libbie Lee, Uly Palmer, Belle Brandor, Anna Holden, Katy Doyle, Lannie Loomis, George Perkins, Eddie McCully, Sara Perry, Leila Ruth Haynes, Carrie Seymour, Bertha Ney, Johnie McIntyer, Kittie Skinner, Emma Jennings, Willie Schenck, Gracie Hagemeister, Lottie Royce, Ida Stanton, Carrie Cosco, Hattie Whitaker, Gertie Dada, Maggie Hagemeister, Freddie Wilcox, Millie Horton, Cora Bradshaw, Frankie Bisnett, Allie Waterman, Edith McCordy, Ella Poole, Jamie Taylor, Freddie Sweet, Robbie McCully, Hattie Perry, Ettie Bisnett, and Libbie Merten.

Miss Kinzie Smith, of Parkersburg, Virginia, sends a long list: Diddie Clark, Ella Crichton, Minnie Cain, Annie Griffin, Eliza McWane, Isabel Bryan, Jennie Saunders, Rena Wallace, Nannie Parrich, Nellie Covert, Lizzie Farrow, Jessie Gilbert, America Pilcher, Levera Stuart, Ina J. Posten, Laura Englehart, Rosa Caswell, Anna B. Fimmel, Rosa Prince, Eloise Sutton, Annie Layman, Nannie Gould, Ella Broadt, Tiny Posten, Matty Phelps, Albert Warner, Edward Theis, Fritz Graff, Thos. Vaughan, Lincoln Gilmer, Thos. Gallagher, Wm. Beuhler, Okey Cofe, Albert Hainish, Chas. Sharp, Harry Haddox, Jno. Hughes, Allan McPhail, Ed. Johnson, Jno. Williams, Chas. Warne, Guy Gould, Sam'l Miller, Tom Cain, Robt. Kyhi, Floyd Turner, Chas. Bush, Eddie Sorrel, Chas. Marlow, and Albert Woodruff.

R. Thomas Savin, of New York City, sends this list: E. Delafeld Smith, Jr., George H. Moore, William M. Savin, Robt. McLaren, Theodore M. Purdy, James H. Salmon, E. A. Bibby, H. J. Davison, James W. Underhill, Charles H. Alliger, E. J. Claghory, G. L. Courtenay, G. G. Brinkerhoff, Jr., Willie Livermore, Wm. Nichols,

R. H. Brinkerhoff, G. S. Bartlett, Randolph W. Townsend, Jr., H. W. Norton, M. M. Gilliss, A. D. Dederick, Andy Bibby, G. H. Nolen, Peyton A. Savin, Louise Moore, Daisy Purdy, Chas. Watts, Lizzie Brice, Harry Dodger, Mabel Salter, Anna Moore, Carrie Savin, Florence B. Day, Wm. M. Peters, Mary Peters, Jamie Brice, Bertha Peters, Frank Tichenor, Georgie Peters, Alfie Peters, Frankie Alliger, Belle Dodge, Minnie Bush, Annie Dodger, and E. Hibbard.

Besides these lists, the following names have been received: Samuel McCormick, Charley Warren, William McAllister, Lewis Rothermell, James Beck, Florie Beck, Carl Beck, James Dubosq, William Perrine, Ed. Perrine, Harry Godshall, Clement Devine, Am. McCormick, Richard Hance, John Rutherford McAllister, Lewis Kirk, Julius McClure, Albert Thissel, Helen Beck, Alice Lincoln, May Lincoln, Eleanor Gayley, Maggie Gayley, Jennie P. Gayley, Tillie De Armond, Beckie Nagles, Agnes Long, Minnie Long, Albert Edward Sumner, Fred Burton French, Ada Mabel French, Charles Osborne Sumner, Lulie Taylor, Sadie Taylor, Bertha Taylor, Edith Taylor, Maggie Smith, Katie Smith, Jessie Smith, Helen A. Smith, Bennie F. Hussey, Mary E. Hussey, Clara G. E. Hussey, Robert Cary Hussey, Hattie Woodruff, Ella Woodruff, Edith Woodruff, Agnes Woodruff, Mary Boardman, Nellie Spencer, Arthur Eldredge, Paul Spencer, Jessie Griswold, Clara Griswold, Belle Collins, Gracie Collins, Mary Hamus, Fannie Lashbrook, Jenny Longworth, Mary Denison, Alice P. Dennison, Adelaide Phillips, Alexis I. du P. Coleman, Chas. B. Phillips, Jr., Lizzie R. Harris, Susie T. Harris, Sallie M. Grice, T. C. Matlack, Mrs. S. A. Harris, A. W. Harris, Annie Grice, William W. Lindsay, James R. Harris, Jr., Willie Folsom, Bertie Folsom, Kitty Evans Folsom, Anna H. Scofield, Sallie C. Scofield, Lewis Neill Scofield, Ralph Rutherford, Lewis Rutherford, Bessie Rutherford, Arthur Brady, Beattie Brady, Winnie Brady, Hannah Maria Cooke, Clemence Amelia Cooke, Benjamin Stephens Cooke, Allie Hall, Willie Burnett, Helen R., Willie G. James, Robbie James, Katie Canon, George B. James, Lida B. Graves, Joseph H. Graves, Logan Hay, Kate L. Hay, Nellie A. Fitch, Lucy A. Fitch, Christie McDermott, Eleanor McDermott, Marian Colt, Bertha Colt, John Stebbins, Anna Stebbins, Florence H. Buffum, C. B. Dare, Eddie Wing, Mellie Brandon, Roy Clarkson, Helen Worrell Clarkson, Alice C. Dillingham, Willie H. Osgood, Minnie M. Case, Harry C. Powers, Julia Snell, Lizzie Hicks, Lizzie K. Shelby, Fannie T. Shelby, Thornburgh Chapman, Laura Graham Reed, Harry Sawyer, Harry M. Sperry, Mary A. Luther, Zelle Minor, Mary Anderson Lomax, Lulu Hinman, Rose Fullerton, Ward C. Elliott, F. A. Taber, Fannie Hubbard, Charles A. Miller, Willie P. McCoy, Effie Van Volkenberg, Winnie Burt, Robert Irving, Mary Belle Smith, Clara D. Henkle, Seth P. Remington, Claude L. Wheeler, M. Fitch, Harry O. Fullen, Gaylord Woodhull, Victor Grant Beebe, Arthur S. Hodges, Bessie L. Cary, Sarah Y. Raymond, Elsie Tilden, Emogene Hulburd, Willis Hulburd, F. Vieland, M. Nicolovius, Arthur P. Hodges, Willie Grover, Eddie Grover, M. Jones, E. Miller, M. Warren, M. Hon, H. Hon, E. Schofield, and Helen Cook.

REBUS, No. 2.



ELLIPSES.

FILL the blanks with the same words transposed.
 1. This — table is a — purchase. 2. The captain tried to — his company from the —. 3. The — was accused of —. 4. Though with —, he — the conflict. 5. In — the gossip is apt to — the facts; 6. And — upon the —.

A. S.

HIDDEN CAPES.

1. I CANNOT perform this example. 2. Will you come to-morrow, Sarah, or now? 3. Have you a new bonnet? 4. I never deceived any one. 5. The article Arthur intended to purchase was sold.

M. G. B.

METAGRAM.

WHOLE, I am a city. Change my head, and I am a plant; again, and I am seen in some houses. Cut off my head, and I am seen in some part of the year.

S. D.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A boy's name. 3. To gain instruction. 3. To lack moisture. 5. A consonant.

J. C. M.

HALF WORD-SQUARE.

1. A FLOWER. 2. A foreigner. 3. A slender cord 4. To behold. 5. An article. 6. One thousand.

ITALIAN BOY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JUNE NUMBER

RIDDLE.—Bark.

TRANSMUTATIONS.—1. Excommunicated. 2. Ensign. 3. Decanter. 4. Isolate. 5. Erased. 6. Degenerated. 7. Eyeballs. 8. Ceded. 9. Exasperates. 10. Detract. 11. Absentee.

HIDDEN SQUARE.—

G A Y
A V E
Y E S

ENIGMA.—Kindergarten.

CHARADE.—Mississippi.

REBUS, No. 1.—

"Three winters, that my soul might grow to thee,
 I lived up there on yonder mountain-side,
 My right leg chained into the crag, I lay
 Pent in a roofless cove of jagged stones."

HALF WORD-SQUARE.—

F I S C A L
I D I O M
S I S T
C O T
A M
L

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Jean Ingelow, George Eliot.

J — i — G
E — glantin — E
A — lced — O
N — upha — R
I — ceber — G
N — ightshad — E
G — eorg — E
E — o — L
I. — ev — I
C — ntari — O
W — alnu — T

A CHESS TRAGEDY.—Black Knight, Castle, White Queen, (K)night, Black Rooks, Upon (a pawn), Sett, Aching (a king), Problem, King, Castle, Queen, Discover, Check, Guarded, Drawn, Queen, Bored (board), Double Check, Squares, Move, Bishop, Knight, King, Pawn, Black Men, Knight, Queens, Queen, Smothered Mate.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

E
A L E
A R E N A
E L E M E N T
E N E M Y
A N Y
T

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—"Little Women."

REBUS, No. 2.—"A cup of gold, all rich and rough, with stories of the gods."

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

C
L E A
L A N C E
C E N S U R E
A C U T E
E R E
E

ANAGRAM.—1. Presbyterian. 2. Orchestra. 3. Parishioners. 4. Matrimony. 5. One word. 6. Ancestor. 7. Midshipman. 8. Lawyers. 9. Sweetheart. 10. Parliament. 11. Melodrama. 12. Prince of Wales. 13. Sir Robert Peel. 14. Revolution. 15. Masquerade. 16. Frontispiece. 17. Performance.

TRIPLE CONUNDRUM.—Fred stole, (K)nave, Altar (alter).

SQUARE REMAINDERS.—

C — L E A R
L — E A S E
M — A S K S
C — R E S T

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, previous to May 18, from Arnold Guyot Cameron, Gertrude Turner, Belle Sargent, Helen Jackson, Dugald C. Jackson, Eddie H. Eckel, Leila Burton, "Lou and Flo," George H. Fuller, Charles R. Baldwin, Julia A. Dobler, Frank H. Belknap, Fred M. Taylor, Ida E. Decker, Libbie R. Churchyard, Willie E. Frost, Willie L. Young, Randolph B. Seymour, Clara L. Northway, Arthur Clowles, Charles Balestier, Alma Sterling, Louise Ensign, George L. Benton, Johnny Flagg, Charles G. Rupert, F. W. Bowler, Fred Worthington, Frank Bowman, Richard S. Murphy, Harry D. Peet, Sarah Y. Raymond, E. Alexander Frink, Meta Gage, Lida B. Graves, Madeline Palmer, Zelle Minor, Birdie Luce, J. B. Burwell, H. N. Adair, "Golden Eagle," Carrie E. Wickes, Heyward M. Gibbs, E. E. S., P. Dumbasten, I. Dumbasten, Clelia D. Mosher, Anna L. Gibbin, Alice B. Mersereau, George M. Trowbridge, Charles H. Delaney, William C. Delaney, Leon Haskell, R. Van Voorhis, Jr., Edward Van Voorhis, Ida L. Rayner, Dolly A. Kirk, Fannie Smith and Ernest Winne, Nellie S. Colby, Mark W. C., Bertha E. Saltmarsh, Leila Delano, Cora M. Wesley, Bel M. Evans, A. T. Stoutenburgh, Gillie Frost, and Jennie Agnes Carr.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

ST. NICHOLAS is merged into Jack-in-the-Pulpit!

That is to say, Jack is hot, tired and dusty, and he does n't feel like talking. So if ST. NICHOLAS cannot exist without him, why it need n't exist—that's all.

The above is the substance of what I felt obliged to say to the publishers of ST. NICHOLAS when they told me the magazine must have my little sermons all through the Summer. At first they were so meek, so completely merged, that I considered my point gained; but when they started up again, and said may be *the children* could n't exist without me, and what did I think of that? I arose in my might, and gave in.

Desert the children?

Why, my darlings, your Jack would n't do such a thing for the world! So we'll have a little chat as usual. But surely you don't want facts in such weather as this? You don't expect cold-pressed information with the thermometer at ninety, do you, my pets? No, indeed. You just want to enjoy yourselves. In Jack's opinion the best thing young folks can do in hot weather, circumstances permitting, is to do nothing. The best way to learn is not to study at all, and the best kind of talk is the talking of things around and above us that have n't a word to say.

So, dearly beloveds, to pacify the publishers, I'll state a few useful things in these pages, as usual; but if you take Jack's advice, you'll just lay the magazine down reverently, without reading any more, and run out-of-doors.

COMPOSITION OF COMMON AIR.

AIR is composed of oxygen and nitrogen. If you consider either of these gases injurious, it will be well to think before you breathe.

LIGHTNING.

LIGHTNING is composed of electricity. Kites are connected with it in some way. Probably by the string. A big man proved this once to the complete satisfaction of the youthful mind, and his memory has been honored ever since. He was so good that grown people rarely speak of him without a sigh, and young people, if left to themselves, never mention him at all. He was born in Philadelphia, and he is to be honorably mentioned at the Centennial, by the natives.

METOPOSCOPISTS.

METOPOSCOPISTS are very useful people, if they do not carry their researches too far. Many children are expert metoposcopists. They practice metoposcopy on their parents. Don't try to spell or pronounce this word, my dears, till cool weather sets in.

ATTRACTION OF GRAVITATION.

THIS is a law of nature. It makes things tumble down. Some children test it practically by climbing an old cherry-tree and sitting well out on one of the weakest limbs; but a very good way is to lie under an apple-tree and look up till an apple comes down on your nose. A great man did this once, and it made him famous.

FIXED STARS.

VERY interesting objects indeed; usually found in the sky. If you keep awake you'll see them; but don't keep awake unless you feel like it.

MOSQUITOES.

FEROCIOUS animals indigenous to the continent of North America. All good children are kind to mosquitoes. They work very hard all Summer. The female mosquito is quite savage, and her sting is terrible. The male mosquito does not bite. He is a saint. Make way for him.

DODECAHEDRONS.

A GEOMETRICAL solid. It is wrong to judge hastily concerning dodecahedrons, as they have many sides. Therefore, my dears, you can consider them at your leisure next Winter.

ARTESIAN WELLS.

WELLS dug in a peculiar way and under extenuating circumstances. Some cool day it will be well for you to look into artesian wells; but they are a great bore in hot weather.

MUSHROOMS AND TOADSTOOLS.

CONFUSING objects in fields. You can tell how many years old they are by sawing off their heads and counting the rings on the top of the stump. No, I'm thinking of oaks. Oaks are slow growers. Mushrooms and toadstools are not.

It is important to know the difference between toadstools and mushrooms; but it is not worth

while trying to learn this difference unless you belong to a very long-lived family, and don't object to being poisoned at the end. It takes years to find out, and authorities differ. The only sure test is to eat one. If you live, it is a mushroom. If you die, it's a toadstool.

SURVEYING BY TRIANGULATION.

AN excellent mode of land-measuring, chiefly used in mountainous regions. Something to do with the triangle. Don't trouble yourselves about it further, my chicks, unless specially interested.

MIASMA.

MIASMA is one of the charms of the country. City folk are afraid of it. Though abundant in most latitudes, it is hard to find, because it is always "a few miles down the road." It causes chills and fever, and injures property. It is very bad for little girls and boys, and often catches them if they go out after dark against the wishes of their parents.

MRS. BARBAULD'S "EVENINGS AT HOME."

A MOST excellent book. It is too good to be popular; but it should be seen to be fully realized. It is full of valuable information. It also teaches children how to worm a great number of interesting statistics and scientific facts out of their parents,

and shows parents how to be tedious and dignified in dealing with the tender offspring that Heaven has committed to their care.

SPECIFIC GRAVITY.

THIS is a wonderfully important subject for young people. It affects the very food they eat, and, in one way or another, enters into nearly all the affairs of life. If you put a lump of sugar in water, you'll have a beautiful instance of specific gravity; sweetened water being much denser than water without sugar. However, if you eat the sugar and drink the water, the experiment can be carried on internally, and you can go out and play, without troubling yourself any more about it, which is just as well in August.

AN EXPLANATION.

I'LL confess frankly that the pretty school-mistress has given me many of the above facts. I have simply put them into suitable shape for the children's Summer vacation.

A CHANGE OF BASE.

HELLO! Here comes a telegram from the ST. NICHOLAS office, saying: "This sort of thing wont do; paragraphs too short, and not sufficiently to the point." Very well; then I'll stop till next month.

THE LETTER-BOX.

JANE O. writes to tell us that the verses in the June number about the old woman going to the moon in a basket are not original, as she has seen them in a book called "Mother Goose's Melodies." We thought that Jane, and everyone else, would know, when we used such old familiar ditties as this, that the originality was in the picture and not in the verses.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please be kind enough to tell me some nice fishes to stock an aquarium with, give me a good recipe for making root-beer, and tell me a good place to go fishing within nine miles of Newark, and you will oblige a constant reader?

J. L. D.

Sticklebacks, small perch, roach and gold-fish, minnows of various kinds, with some sea-snails and mussels as purifiers, will be good fish to stock a small aquarium. Be careful to put no pickerel into it, for one little pickerel an inch and a-half long has been known to devour twenty-five minnows in a week.

We do not know how to make root-beer, and don't think much of it after it is made. It is an excellent thing to bring on a stomach-ache, if you want one.

A short distance above the Delaware and Lackawanna Railroad bridge over the Passaic River (about eight miles from Newark), there is a bridge for vehicles and foot passengers. Just above that bridge there is pretty good perch-fishing, if you have a boat.

THE following letter is from "A Friend" who has been reading "Jack's" question about the thermometer, in the June ST. NICHOLAS:

It is a law of philosophy that evaporation produces cold, and since there was no moisture on the bulb of the thermometer the temperature

was not lowered, but since his breath was warmer than the atmosphere of the school-house it raised the mercury and marked the temperature of his breath. The reason he could cool his pudding was there was moisture in it and blowing evaporated this moisture and made it cool. For the same reason, breezes that blow to us from large bodies of water are cool.

Similar letters have been received from M. W. Perkins, "Ovid," B. Sherman, and Mary Otis Gay.

WE are sure that everybody is delighted with little "Biddy O'Toole" in the July number, and "The Esquimaux Boy" in the present issue. We have a series of these capital pictures which will appear during the Summer and Fall, and they show how some boys and girls, each of a different nation, were disturbed by some impertinent animal while eating their luncheons.

Columbia, June 1st, 1875.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to ask the following question: A friend of mine tells me that a blue-bird has made his nest in the escape pipe of a boiler in his shop yard; the boiler is to be removed for use; now what would a bird-defender do with the nest? The same friend, who is a native of Scotland, wishes to know if robins in this country have blue eggs. In Scotland their eggs are white with reddish-brown spots. How I wish you could hear the mocking-bird that is singing me a song now in the tree-top after he has taken a meal from our cherry-tree. Your friend, LIBBIE SHIELDS.

We think a bird-defender would try to find a cozy place for the blue-bird's nest, not far from the spot which the boiler occupied, but out of sight and reach of cats or other enemies.

Robins' eggs in this country are of a bluish-green color and unspotted.

HARRY W. LEE, a Latin student, thinks he has discovered some curious facts about the month of August. It was, he says, originally called Sextilis, because it was the sixth month of the Roman year, which began with March. Its name was changed by Augustus Cæsar in honor of himself, as it was the month in which he gained several decisive victories. Harry tells us, moreover, that before the time of Augustus the month contained but thirty days. With the new name another day was added, because the month of July (which, by the way, was named in honor of *Julius Cæsar*) had thirty-one, and the Roman senate was resolved that Augustus should not be behind his illustrious relative in honor. But the most singular fact which Harry divulges, is that, in order to accomplish this addition, a day was stolen from February—the very month of all the twelve that could least afford to lose it! Harry suggests that it was perhaps due, after all, to the selfishness of the Roman emperors that February became the shortest month of the year—who knows?

Newark, N. J., May 3, 1875.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: They had a "Spooner's Menagerie" here the other night and made \$65.—Yours truly,
 HERBERT STANSBURY.

HERE is a right loyal and zealous Bird-defender—a little girl, who sends this letter, and with it a list of more than two hundred and fifty recruits:

Portsmouth, Ohio, May 31, 1875.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: On the second day of May, which was Sunday, we had quite a bird-party in our yard, for twelve different kinds came to see us. There were robins, red-birds, blue-birds, flax-birds, chippies, martins, Baltimore-orioles, a small light-brown bird with striped breast, and a large light-brown bird with a white breast, a black one with bright yellow spots on its wings; also a blue and black striped one, which papa said had the motions of a woodpecker; and last, but not the least beautiful, several humming-birds, some with green heads and crests, and one with a scarlet throat. They seemed very happy, hopping and flying around, and we were happy watching them.

We live in the center of the city, which contains 16,000 inhabitants. Now don't you think our having so many birds speaks well for the boys of our place? But fearing some boys might be cruel enough to kill the birds, I thought it would be a good plan to get a list of Bird-defenders. You will find enclosed the names. A few of them are grown people and teachers; one of them, Mr. Lukins, is the superintendent of our public schools. He did not think himself too old to sign his name with the boys and girls.

If any one knows the names of the two brown birds I mentioned, will they please answer in the ST. NICHOLAS? I like your magazine so much, that I wish it would come twice a month.—Yours respectfully,
 GRACE HELFENSTEIN (eleven years old).

Albany, N. Y., June 2d, 1875.
 MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like you very much. I would like to join the Bird-defenders. As my little sister was walking in the garden one day she found a dead bird lying upon the grass. She picked it up and we asked the little children next door to the funeral. I have written some poetry about it which I send you. I am just eight years old.

THE DEAD BIRD'S MEMORIAL.

The bird is dead, and at his head
 A small head-stone we laid,
 And this the lay I have to say:
 As it was soaring through the sky
 A sportsman with his gun came by.
 He raised his gun high in the air
 And tried to bring down both the pair,
 But only one did fall to the ground,
 And that was the one my sister found.
 We placed some violets around its grave,
 And that was all the flowers we gave.

KITTY H. CHAPMAN.

HERE is a letter which is both seasonable and sensible.

New York, June 6th, 1875.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think the gentleman who wrote that nice suggestion, in your last magazine, to the boys, telling them how to spend their vacation, was very kind, and I have no doubt many will thank him when they come home for their pleasant Summer. But why don't he, or some one, tell the girls what to do or where to go? They need some other place than the crowded watering-places and fashionable Summer hotels to brace them up for next Winter's study. A few weeks in some nice, old, quiet farm-house, for instance, where they could go berrying, boating, and perhaps fishing, wear cool calico dresses all the time without fear of being wondered at, and live

on real, plain, good old-fashioned food, and, in fact, be real country girls for a while, until they lost their pale cheeks and headaches. A party of six or seven girls, with some kind aunty who was young enough to enjoy the sports, and wise enough to keep them from harm or mischief, could find plenty of nice farms way out in the real country, where they could make their home, and a pleasant one too, for the Summer, and just enjoy themselves.

CORA.

Bath, N. H., May 31st, 1875.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to know if hawks are to be defended as well as other birds. I take care of our hens and have now thirty-five chickens, and the hawk comes every day and tries to take them; he has taken three already, and I think as chickens are birds they ought to be defended by shooting the hawk.

EDITH CARPENTER.

We agree with you, Edith.



THIS ingenious monogram, invented by Mr. A. Orlich, of New York City, contains all the letters of the alphabet. Can you make them out?

The Bird-defenders will be glad to see this tribute which was paid to their chief in a recent issue of the *Louisville Commercial*:

"Mr. Haskins has really done a most beneficial work by infusing a proper spirit into so many children in reference to this important matter, and by teaching them early how valuable the small birds are to mankind, and what injury their destruction would cause. He is the Bergh of Birds, and they ought to sing his praises in their sweetest strains."

Ohsweken, May 25th, 1875.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have long wished to adopt some plan of protecting "birds" from the almost always "dead shot" of our Indian boys. Just as your helping hand reached mine away off here, in the wild woods of Canada, a little Indian boy, named Oh'-na-roukh, was showing me two birds (*jedahun*, as we Indians call them), which he had shot with bow and arrow. He has since decided to head the list of "Bird-defenders," which I enclose, with the meanings of the names, for the entertainment of your little readers.

We shall be proud to have our names published in your very interesting magazine, particularly in such a cause. I am endeavoring to get up an "archery club," so as to guide our aims at a "target" instead of at "birds." If some of your readers will furnish us with "rules" for the management of such a club, they will oblige. Many thanks for the kind influence extended to yours truly,

KA-CHE-JE-WAKS (scattering flowers).

The names sent will be found among the Bird-defenders

THE following boys and girls have sent in answers to the Rhyming Play, published in the June number: Eliza A. Tompkins, Laura Kendrax, Jessie B. Slack, Cynthia Murdock, Lily M. Hyde, Josie Miner, Julia Barlow, Hattie C. Fernald, Marion Clarke, Sue Ellmaker, Maud King, Jerusha M. Coult, Addie B. Fowell, Kittie H. Hoyte, May Reese, Maude Lapham, Harriet Etting, "Pearl," Amy D. Dunnell, Herbert T. Abrams, Nannie S., Lulu B. Monroe, P. B. Field, Harry Perry, Maggie E. Atkins, "Gypsy Jane," Annie P. Richardson, Sarah L. Parsons, Lillie Newman, Nellie A. Himes, Emma M. Sawyer, Ralph Lane, Mary J. Curtis, Robert H. Beattie, Jr., Hayward Duncan, Edward H. Levis, Nellie F. Blandy, Mattie Morris, Allie H. Smith, Lillie B. Kendall, Bertha Russell, Walter Darrow, Mamie C. Mitchell, Addie Hough, "Albertine and Alice," Minnie Shepard, Mary W. Freeman, Julia Strong, Mary I. Graves, Nellie M. Mack, H. P. Edgett, Carrie Saltus, Grace Collins, Nisba P. Breckinridge, M. G. Higgins, Minnie Howes and Cora Shaw, Fannie Jones, Nellie E. Waterhouse, Reinette C. Ford, Lizzie C. Merrill, Gertrude Weil, May Wolcott, Lillie Hallett, Genevieve L. Hawley, Emmie and Louie Bundy, Marion Butler, Lulu Potter, Guillian A. Wells, Jennie E. White, Jessie Maxwell, Mary Billin, Olive Anne Freret, Sarah C. Lord, Samuel K. Pitman, Nellie Marsh and Edith Kline, Malone Gibson, Ella R. King, Florence Palmer, Jessie Field, Wallie Hayden, Daisy H., "Lily," Bessie L. Cary, Josie Willis, Belle and Jennie Noyes, Marcia A. Lamphier, Edward A. Woods, Ethel G. Emery, Hattie F. Blackford, Alice M. Hyde, Elsie Nichols, Charles Henry Faulkner, Lillie D. Howe, Perlee and Isabel Riegan, Willie K. Vezin, Paul E. W., Grace Helfenstein, Mrs. S. S. Hunter, "Grace," Gertie B. Adams, Lena A., Rosy Howard, Edith M. Darrack, and Annie F. Neill.

BIRD-DEFENDERS.

HERE is a second supplement to the "Grand Muster-Roll" of the Bird-defenders:

First of all, is this long list from Ohio, sent by Grace Helfenstein: Grace Helfenstein, Lydia Knowles, Caroline Eppler, Edward Russell, Lillie A. Mullin, Nellie L. Fawn, John R. Baker, Effie Julian, Stephen Smith, Charles Wagner, Louisa Daum, Fanny Brown, Philip Klingman, James Rumsey, John Jones, Thomas Dunn, Jessie Barber, Lucy Miller, Jennie Callow, Chas. Levi, Daniel Ottenburgh, Frank Myers, Geo. Marting, Jessie Millar, William Emmett, Cora Williams, Emma Hey, Solomon Levi, Charles Byers, Frank Crain, John Dice, George Beumler, Harry Hutchins, Laurence Neudorfer, Willie Lodwick, Alfred Doerr, Lucy Ware, Harry Ware, Anna McIntyre, Emma Raugh, Fannie Ball, Mary Drake, Isaac Bryant, Etta Coffrin, Hattie Young, Ella Cross, Susie Watson, Charles Hard, Emma Zottmann, Sallie Reilly, Addie Kendall, Alice Folsom, Jennie Swift, Willie Calder, David Edwards, Edward Herms, Charles McCloud, Daily Webb, Lizzie Webb, Frank Dudnit, Frank Losee, Ella Blomeyer, Charles Salsbury, Mark Mugeridge, Herbert Montgomery, Ella Evans, Sallie Connell, Willie Connell, Stella Folsom, Anna Connell, Nellie Moulster, Willie Reed, Edward Purcell, Harry Hibbs, Willie Ware, Andrew Hook, Thomas Royse, James Cook, Julius Seeberger, Samuel Harper, Samuel Palmer, Hallie Wilson, Thos. Williams, Lizzie Johnston, Jennie Sheppard, Grace Cotton, Louie Darcy, Sallie Steed, Mattie Williamson, Annie Brunner, Belle Graham, Blanche Pyne, Louise Doerr, Annie Zehner, Nellie Findlay, Eliza Williams, Annie Nelson, Annie Appel, Annie Baesler, Rosa Reiniger, Annie Rauck, Catharine Harris, Hattie Dennison, Mary Baker, Mary Bishop, Mary Graham, Clara Martin, Martin Edwards, Sallie Myers, Ida Russell, Alice Hayes, Maude Foster, Louise Foster, Joseph F. Lukins, Bettie Hall, Daniel R. Spry, Theresa Spry, Richard Spry, Etta Tolley, Wm. Sutherland, Guilford Heaton, Lydia Rogers, John Redepinning, Thomas Purcell, Katie Brand, Jessie McConnell, Luly Gates, Edward Bender, Frederick Kalb, Louie Conway, Charles Wymer, Chase Conway, Carrie Cramer, Edward Leopold, Hattie Shipman, Minnie Green, Lizzie Towse, Kate Simpson, Mattie Wheeler, Mary Brodbeck, Mary Cook, May Wilson, Sallie Adams, Minnie Reed, Florence Hughes, Mary Appel, Henry Klingman, William Burt, Fanny Edwards, Tillie Grassman, Mary Russell, Clara Cook, Jennie Lynn, John Kehoe, Harry Ball, Wm. Bolles, Wm. Harper, Luther Miller, Phelps Leete, Ernest Kehoe, Charles Brown, Frank Vincent, William Clemens, Harry Vincent, Philip Young, Evan Harris, Bertie Hughes, Samuel Silber, Oliver Royse, Thomas Phillips, Wm. Woods, Daniel Koege, Robt. Baker, Isaac Levi, Richard Maddock, Louie Murray, Francis Barber, Floyd

Knowles, Geo. Hummel, August Kehrner, Maggie Houston, Alice Brodbeck, Clarence Gilson, Samuel Timmonds, Elijah Noel, Louisa Spry, Jennie Spry, Fannie Spry, Mary Murray, Roberta Spry, B. Inez Spry, Thomasin Pursell, Mary Pursell, Tamzin Pursell, T. J. Pursell, A. Myers, Hattie Palmer, Mary Maklem, Jennie Silber, Alice Colborn, Rossie Brouse, Gracie Hibbs, Nettie Gharkey, Carrie Oldfield, Phillipina Stoll, Fannie Ludgate, Bettie Silber, Wm. Graham, Alice Wiley, Alice Neal, Samuel McConnell, Anna Widmer, Henry Buechler, James Lynn, Raphael Moore, Chas. Bradford, George Wydmer, Anna Horr, Ida Powers, Elizabeth Spry, Cecilia Rogers, Geo. W. Helfenstein, Fanny Helfenstein, Anna McGinley, Amanda McGinley, Mary Cotton, Katie Cotton, A. B. Richardson, M. S. Cotton, D. B. Cotton, Ethel Cotton, Richard Krickner, Owen Kerrigan, Julia Quirk, Ella Mindego, Nellie O'Connor, Mary Barrett, John Lemones, Tate Prendergast, Jas. Dunn, Thomas O'Connor, Gotlieb Brunner, Oliver Prediger, Willis Grubb, Frank Emmett, John Bishop, Joseph Sheppard, George Reinfrank, Henry Lechner, George Wymer, Louis Keller, William Crossman, William Daum, Lena Dunham, Helen Owens, Wm. Baker, Peter Jahraus, Kinney Hall, Clifton Marquette, Stephen Bishop, Thomas Smith, Thomas Burt, Walter Burt, and Frank Hook.

Then comes Kittie Hoyte, of Aurora, Illinois, with one hundred and thirty more: Kittie Hoyte, Mirta Smith, Eddie Austin, Asa Holcomb, Libbie Buck, Jessie Perrigo, Gerty Smith, Effie Barrett, Oscar Betting, Ella Gilbert, Louisa Edwards, Ruth Shepard, Lyda Young, Maggie Quinn, Lizzie Hoyte, Gerty Van Liew, Louis Van Liew, Charles Clark, Harriet Hoyte, Charles Van Liew, Mary Ames, Effie Watson, Hattie Lindsley, Willie Lindsley, Nellie Loomis, John Ashford, Hattie Gardner, Emma Gardner, John Gardner, Eddie Gardner, Harriet Ball, Carrie Austin, Annie Austin, Hattie Van Leshen, Jessie Loomis, John Loomis, Ella Paxton, Sarah Paxton, Thompson Paxton, Jennie Paxton, Sarah Pritchard, Elotia Pritchard, Maud Powell, James Schick, John McSherry, Louisa Riley, Ellen Riley, Katie Riley, Helen Van Liew, Dr. Van Liew, Lulu Blakesley, Harry Blakesley, Fanny Rosier, Ella Powell, Mabel White, Edith Culver, Gussie Somarundyk, Ida Miller, Mamie Hill, Josie Bonguhner, Carrie Glaspie, Minnie Pierce, May Pierce, Ollie Pierce, Jennie Freeland, Leola Boyce, Minnie Blakesley, Dora Wolfort, Flora Wolfort, Louisa Wolfort, Katie Long, Louise Schicker, Anna Beers, Emma Lackner, Anna Breed, Minnie Gruber, Louie Hoppa, Minnie Mason, Emma Stausa, Maggie Diemener, Mary Little, Emma Wilde, Mary Loomis, Mary Murphy, May Stewart, Irvin Hoppa, Lyda Denney, Willie Pierce, Arthur Holmes, Wilber Hattery, Frank Winton, Bertha Heas, Allie Breman, Cornelia Stadler, Jennie Brennen, Angie Reicherty, Frank Plummer, Charlie Kellogg, Harry Goldsmith, Martin Jenkins, Florence Poole, Linda Ross, Ella Walrath, Mamie Wingate, Minnie Leedorf, Nettie Chase, Jennie Puffer, Ida Cox, Lillie Ward, Clara Weldon, Liddie Zeegler, Kittie Affans, Charlie Clatton, Etta Clark, Susy Rice, James Freeman, Etta Tannery, Fannie Mason, Albert Ansel, Henry Battenachlag, Freda Lohn, Albert Lohn, Emil Lohn, Willis Ansel, Emma Lohn, Frederika Ansel, Nicholas Eresch, and Peter Eresch.

Next we have this long list of Washington boys and girls, sent by "Katinka": Emma Scott, Julia Quantrille, Freda H. Thomas, Lilian F. Chancey, Lizzie McMurray, Florence Bartlette, Susie B. Brown, Ella M. Arnold, Cora Dennison, Lizzie S. Nichols, Cora Robertson, Florence M. Bamberger, M. Lizzie Ferguson, Mary Augusta Scott, Julia Helen Scott, Emma L. Bond, Arthur F. Stetson, Mollie E. Bond, Perdita Altschuh, Flora Ball, Mamie Cooke, Walter Boyce, Fred Griffith, Jedediah Gittings, William Baxter, Arthur May, Willie Crabs Cohen, Herbert Perley, Clarence Trevitt, Redmond Walsh, Perry Terrapin, Wallace Woodward, Mamie White, Sallie Daniel, Lillie Trevitt, Hernie Morsell, Katie Malone, Henry Kimball, Fannie Carroll, D. P. Foley, Louis Wells, W. F. McFarland, Annie H. Cavise, H. Oldes, Alice Faulkner, Anna Moore, Fred B. Nichols, A. B. Robertson, W. W. Dodge, Alfred Hovey, Belle Carroll, Mary Cunningham, Sydney Smith, Willard Bamberger, Hattie Winter, Charles E. Thomas, Annie Chesney, Maggie McCleary, Jennie Burr, Perry Turpin, Chas. Chesney, Charlie P. G. Scott, Fred Thomas, Annie Wells, Thropp Wells, George Meredith, Maud Jamieson, James Neil, Thomas Johnson, Richard McIntyre, Amos O. Mauck, Frank Fesler, John McElheny, Lucien Mayhew, Frank Mayhew, Harry C. Davis, Florence Clark, Clarence Clark, Theodore Tracy, Joseph C. Forse, Antony Vincent, and Victor Emmanuel Stinemetz.

Willie H. McCulloch, of Peoria, Ill. (and only eight years old), sends this long list: Willie Herron McCulloch, Louie Schwabacher, Edward McMackin, James Robinson, Harry Law, Jake Mittner,

James White, Daniel Elderkin, Charles Piper, Ernest McHenry, Ralph Helm, Willie Helm, Robert Boehlke, Bennie Chase, Frank Dailey, Dick Weise, Gussie Elsey, Frank Roughenborg, Willie Scoville, George Osborne, Isa Schradski, Walter Allison, Pierre Tyng, Eddie Waugh, Harry Mason, Howard Allison, Philip Tyng, Mary H. McCulloch, Mary Culver, Minnie Young, Dollie Doty, Mattie Hudson, Jennie Barlow, Emma Chase, Georgia Scoville, Emma Korsoski, Birdie Elder, Jennie Fletcher, Minnie Gebhardt, Lida Everhard, Mamie Flagg, Annie Frazee, Nellie Zindle, Harriet Radcliffe, Nellie Henry, Ollie Coffey, Laura Riesz, Hattie Wheeler, Emma Hudson, Annie Black, Lena Mittner, Edith Hauerman, Minnie Black, Lottie Eisenhauer, Bettie Rust, Grace Frye, Maud Ellis, Katie Roughenborg, Rosa Palmberg, Mamie Everhard, and Maud Dredge.

Marion Keene, of Thomaston, Maine, sends this list: Charles Creighton, Elias Clark, Clara Mason, Brownie Mason, Carrie Jordan, Annie Waldo, Emma Counce, Carrie Counce, Jennie Burgess, Eda Mills, Annie Henderson, Louisa Watts, Frances Richardson, Maggie Moody, Willie Moody, Charlie Hatch, De Witt Chase, Alice Mathews, Annie Cooper, Aggie Miller, Alice Watts, Willie J. Watts, Willy Watts, Ella Watts, Henry Starr, Emma Barrett, Minnie Palmer, Emma Maxey, Flora Killaran, Sadie Sumner, Jennie Jacobs, Nettie Dockham, Ida Thomas, Joseph McFarland, Lizzie Dinsmore, Willie Hoofses, Stella Trowbridge, Roxie Young, Carrie Catland, Cora Strong, Etha Flagg, Myra Parker, Clara Copeland, Maggie Sullivan, Willie Gray, Otis Mitchell, Frank Hills, and Marion Keene.

Bertha Schenck, of Middletown, Ohio, sends this list: Bertha Schenck, Rosa Newman, Nellie Newman, Mary Knox, Lou Jones, Annie Jones, Nettie Weitzell, Clara Bamitz, Sarah Thompson, May McCallay, Clara Intzi, Maggie Taber, Katie Bridge, Nettie Langdon, Elsie Barber, Abby Barber, Christine Shurtle, M. J. La Tourette, L. M. Merridith, A. C. Tyler, L. H. Lynch, Ella Wicoff, Anna McAdams, Mary Kline, Louette Kline, Katie Oterbin, Anna Oterbin, Anna Long, Minnie Long, Katie Pfeiffer, Susie J. Howell, Sallie Mirtland, J. S. Mitchell, Katie Greter, George Sutterer, Laura A. Barber, Ida Millar, Lucy Smith, Lizzy Smith, Sarah A. Meller, Sarah Kline, Dora Swinck, May Wolly, Annie Stien, Andrew Kline, Jettie Goldman, Anna Winton, and Alice Winton.

M. Adele Kretsinger, of Fort Madison, Iowa, sends this list: Carrie Kelly, Josie Kelly, Charlie Miller, Lizzie Layton, Maggie Layton, Florence Gibbs, Vallie Smith, Emesee Stamar, Willie Angear, Susie Wilde, Emma Wilde, Henry Benett, John Wilmesmier, Austin Stempel, Guida Stempel, Zade Hale, Hallie Wright, Charlie Wright, Eddie Semple, John Gerard, Robert Price, Sandy Price, John Price, Eddie Holland, Christopher Stooky, Lorena Woodward, Ruth Woodward, Minnie Smith, Mattie Smith, Frank Hale, Minnie Ottomeyer, Cyddie Albright, Ella Pollard, Willie Coleman, Bennie Campbell, Ada Smith, Caddie Woods, Dick Campbell, Frank Woods, Bennie G. Albright, Robbie Case, Willie Blackburn, Louis Montandan, Eddie Roberts, and M. Adele Kretsinger.

Charlie P. Knapp, of Deposit, N. Y., sends this list: Charlie P. Knapp, Ella K. Stow, Anna W. Ford, Flora A. Smeallie, James Coffin, A. Ward Ford, Lillie Edick, Clintie Minor, Sadie E. Ford, Elvira B. Clark, George W. Wheeler, Belle Hadley, Nettie B. Van Schoyk, L. Florence Smith, Alice Van Schoyk, Cornelius E. Scott, Belle Derroney, Mary Persons, Hattie E. C. Smeallie, Lura E. Brown, Lulie B. Hanford, Frankie J. Hanford, Jessie G. Ells, Anna B. McKean, Vera Vail, Ida J. Dean, Kate M. McKean, Marietta McKean, Bet Evans, Nellie Wetmore, Freddie Wetmore, Edward D. Hadley, Mrs. J. C. Downs, Julia M. Hanford, Maggie Seymour, and Percy Knapp.

Lucy T. Rogers, of Williamson, sends a list: Lizzie M. Vaughn, Ella W. Bennett, Irena French, Hattie E. Rogers, Jennie Bursie, Lily Hinolf, Jennie Thompson, Hattie Fuller, Julia Pugsley, Addie Seely, Mary Eaton, Holace Johnson, George Thompson, Howard Thompson, Abram Stark, Adelbert Pelky, Jimmie Pelky, Andrew Bown, Freddie Bennett, Gussie Bennett, Orrie Bishop, Isaac Masdey, Frank Otere, Johnnie Otere, Willie F. Rogers, Jennie McIntyre, B. F. Fowler, W. Sutton, R. Parkhill, M. E. Parkhill, M. L. Pound, Hattie E. Bosworth, George Pugsley, Charlie Fuller, Clark Fuller, Johnnie Olmstead, Barlow Thompson, Eddie Desselter, Charlie Desselter, and Willie Bennett.

Jennie M. Hoag, Wilson Hoag, and Gertie S. Weller, of Meads-ville, send these names: Robbie C. Bole, Geo. H. Groot, Norman W. Johnston, Charlie Philips, Artie Officer, Freddie McCarston, Ernie Pond, Bertie Pond, Harrie Brooks, Dudley Remos, Johnnie

Reynolds, Harrie Dunbarr, Leon Saeger, Charley Hollester, Tommy Derickson, Cornie Derickson, Wiley McFarland, Carrie Wires, Evra A. Groot, Nina White, Blanch Davenport, Jennie C. Officer, Gertie H. Officer, Florence E. Officer, Annie B. Hope, Emma L. Johnston, Julie Steward, Clara Johnson, Cora Johnson, Lizzie Harfison, Gertie Compton, Cora Clark, Bessie Clark, Carrie Odell, Maggie McFarland, Aggie Miller, and Anna Hollister.

Carrie G. Tobey, of Walpole, New Hampshire, sends this list: Carrie G. Tobey, Mary A. Tobey, Emilie D. Huntley, Grace M. Brown, Nettie Brown, Lizzie Drislan, Minnie Gates, Hattie Pierce, Carrie A. Perry, Mabel A. Porter, Ada Holland, Jimmie M. Holland, Bessie Seabury, Nora Driscoll, Lou B. Hayward, Blanche Bellows, Annie Short, Johnnie Porter, Johnny Hale, Eddie S. Bates, Mary G. Bates, Bart Kinery, Connie Harty, Willie Hooper, Warren Colburn, Elias Putnam, Geo. Faulkner, Charles Hinds, Fred Booth, Harry Newton, Nellie Farnsworth, Lizzie M. Brown, and Emma Booth.

Walter Hayden, of Chardon, Ohio, sends this list: Forest Stone, Nelson Sanger, John Hardaker, Frank Canfield, Merrick Pease, Mortie Eldredge, Hallie Smith, Lizzie Parmelee, Carrie Waters, Ida Sanger, Delia Berichon, Florrie Avery, Mattie Maynard, Mamie Bodman, Lucinda Burnet, Wallie Hayden, Anna Hayden, Walter Ryder, Dannie King, Henry Stimson, Dickie Denton, Sherman Skinner, Wallie Sweeney, Lizzie Marsh, Lizzie Waters, Lizzie Ryder, Jennie McBride, Dellie Canfield, Maggie Baptie, Winnie Hollis, and Ettie Eldredge.

Leslie L. White, of Schuyler, Neb., sends this list: Cora White, Bertie White, Naomi Benn, Walter Benn, Warren Benn, May Benn, Della Benn, Edgar Van Housen, Alvan Van Housen, Ernest Newell, Andrew Newell, Clara Newell, Carrie Ploss, Burt Ploss, Giles Ploss, Anson Van Housen, Oliver Van Housen, Frank Wheeler, Sidney Wheeler, Annie Wheeler, Harry Wheeler, Ella Wolford, James Wolford, Frank Thompson, Lill Thompson, George Fisher, and Leslie L. White.

"Aunt Annie," of Perham, N. H., sends this list: Mary E. Richardson, Lizzie M. Marsh, Alice M. Greeley, Edith N. Spear, Alice M. Barnes, Mamie F. Barnes, Maggie A. Lee, Abbie J. Lee, Annie M. Lee, Katie F. Lee, Gertie H. Hillman, Willie Coburn, Jennie M. Thompson, Louisa Jones, Lucie E. Chaplin, George E. Richardson, Chas. E. Stacey, Edward Donovan, Stephen B. Donovan, Arthur Butler, Arthur McQuestion, Harry H. Spear, and Tommy W. Lee.

Nettie M. Van Ness, of Rising Sun, Indiana, sends this list: Ella V. Latham, Julia Latham, Fannie Rabb, Alice Miller, Anna Beaty, Lette Rabb, Emma Buchanan, Susie McAdams, Emma Cruger, Carrie Hall, Allie Clement, Mary Parker, Lena A. Parker, Maggie Matson, Lillie Smith, Jennie Dodd, Luella C. Moore, Nannie Jones, Mary Dorrel, George Hall, Eddie McKain, Eddie B. Kittle, Gracie V. Van Ness, Tom C. Van Ness, and Nettie M. Van Ness.

Clara Hurd, of Onida, N. Y., sends this list: Augusta W. Hitter, Lillie A. Lawrence, Hattie L. Murty, Mary Archambeault, Maggie Merrill, Louise L. Hubbard, Anna Carter, Minnie M. Stafford, Kittie E. Jacobs, Ella J. Bates, Lola E. Wiles, Lizzie Goodenow, Lillie F. Merrill, Jennie E. Seely, Emma A. Crawford, Carrie E. Hopkins, Louise J. Walrath, George B. Hitchcock, Harry Klock, Nettie Hurd, and Clara Hurd.

Emma Noble, of Cresco, Iowa, sends this list: Emma M. Noble, Lizzie V. Weston, Corrie J. Doolittle, Eva R. Doolittle, George M. Doolittle, Gerty S. Stone, Willie Stone, Martha A. Brierley, Mary E. Brierley, Willie E. Brierley, Benny Brierley, Sarah C. Beaty, Lucy B. Beaty, Wallar D. Beaty, Alanson C. Noble, Howard D. Noble, Freddie F. Jones, Lena M. Mackon, Christian F. Mackon, Anton C. Mackon, and Peter M. Mackon.

Minnie M. Titus, of Brooklyn, sends this list: Josephine Wood, Minnie M. Titus, Rita Hardie, Nellie Usher, Florence Belcher, Blanche Alexander, Lena M. Fahys, Edith S. Sackett, Jennie F. Littell, Mattie Churchman, Louie B. Cromwell, Isabel Matheson, Fannie R. Brown, Mollie E. Miller, Mary L. Foster, Marion A. Coombs, Blanche D. Small, Hortense Small, Charles Seaton, and William C. Burling.

Fannie P. Toulmin, of Northumberland, Pa., sends the following names: Annie G. Kapp, Helen F. Withington, Mary R. Forsyth, Annie S. Heck, Ida B. Weaver, Hannah C. Taggart, Frances H. Withington, Jennie S. Renninger, Jennie B. Priestley, May D. Vincent, Beckie S. Bird, Harry Toulmin, George Linvill, James Taggart, Priestley Toulmin, Fannie E. Yocum, Carrie B. Simpson, Fannie P. Toulmin, and C. C. Partridge.

Anita L. Futhey, of West Chester, Penn., sends this list: Flora Hewes, Bessie Dillingham, Anita L. Futhey, Bertha Lee, Harry Dillingham, Bunnie Dillingham, Howard F. Brinton, Ernest Taylor, Lucy Huddleson, Nora Huddleson, Emily Brady, Lillie Brady, Archie O'Brian, Canfield Jones, Willie Kirk, Lucy Kirk, Mabel James, Ellie Evans, Jennie Huddle, and Conway Dillingham.

Bertha E. Saltmarsh, of Knoxville, Tenn., sends this list: Ella D. Swan, Mallie M. Ross, Carrie V. M. Galbraith, Bettie S. Park, Neva Sheppard, Lillie Mitchell, Fanny Hough, Mary Cowan, Sallie Scales, Ada Hackell, Blanch Caldwell, Lena Galbraith, Mary Peabody, Ernest Peabody, Mrs. Mary A. Richardson, Miss Helen Bailly, and Miss Louisa Guyaz.

John K. Bangs sends this list: John K. Bangs, Wm. N. Bangs, Harry Townsend, David S. Ferris, Clifford Smith, Taber Knox, E. G. Dumahaut, W. Goadby, George Young, Frank Lawrence, Edgar Hall Laing, Conde R. Thorn, C. H. Whitlock, Augustine Smith, Ambrose D. Henry, Harry Wilson, Willie Heydecker, John Lawrence, W. B. Merrill, and E. M. Young.

This list of Bird-defenders comes to us from New Germantown, N. J.: Edith Honeyman, Robbie Honeyman, P. Depue Honeyman, Nora McCrea, Willie McCrea, Jennie McCrea, Emma Tiger, Addie Melick, Dora Melick, Annie Melick, Emma Melick, Lottie Melick, Laura Miller, Annie Craig, Minnie Bonnell, Emma Biebigheyer, Alice Opdyke, Mary Kinkle, and Laura Emmons.

John W. Noble, of Hempstead, L. I., sends this list: John W. Noble, Manuel Castanos, S. V. V. Hoffman, George B. Cortelyou, Alfred W. Withers, Felix Tanco, Frank Tanco, Braulio Garcia, Manning Light, W. H. Brinkerhoff, Jordan L. Demarest, Frank Demarest, Edmund O. Wieters, Otto F. Wieters, John F. Wieters, Ben. W. Martin, and Jessie Hinds.

Geo. F. Wanger, of Pottstown, sends this list: Beckie Fregh, Mary Reinard, R. P. Wanger, Lavinia Souders, Mialma Tyson, Idaline Strunk, Maggie Amole, Ada Grubb, Laura Shaner, Stevie Kerper, Wm. Rader, Joseph P. Wanger, Emmie L. Irwin, Rodger Spiese, Elner Shaner, Julia Strunk, and Maggie J. Shaner.

Bessie S. Lemon, of Barre, Mass., sends this list: Sarah H. Lemon, Mary F. Hawes, Kittie P. Babbitt, Helen S. Brigham, Bessie S. Lemon, Abbie Howard, May C. Johnson, Susy D. Rice, Lizzie M. Johnson, Carrie Howard, Nellie M. Rice, Mabel Howard, Emma Hawes, Ellen S. Rice, and Bessie Lemon.

Klyda Richardson, of Trenton, N. J., sends this list: Mary S. Cook, William G. Cook, Ferdinand R. Skirm, Benjamin C. Skirm, Richard C. Cook, Geo. E. Kraft, Sarah R. Belville, Robert C. Belville, Jas. Oliphants, Florence Brearley, Albert W. Moore, and Theo. G. Dickinson.

Meta Gage, of Sycamore, Ill., sends this list: Cora Black, Katie De Graff, Minnie Waite, Nellie Robinson, Mattie Cook, Jessie Shurtleff, Ada Sawyer, Sadie Lattin, Nettie Babcock, Nellie Quinn, Lizzie Langhorn, Anna Stringfellow, Louisa Buck, Ella Seacord, May Seacord, Clara Anderson, and Amanda Brown.

Jessie Meeker, of Brooklyn, sends the following list: Jessie M. Meeker, Julia A. Meeker, Frank H. Meeker, Will Leverich, Emma Lyan, George Goodwin, Alice M. Thackray, Millie Bynner, Nellie Wattles, Frank Hatchins, Addie Ferguson, and North McLean.

Phebe Snowden, of Freeport, Pa., sends this list: Phebe C. Snowden, Belle A. Ralston, Otho R. Gillespie, Annie C. Heck, Laura R. Shoop, Ella A. Redpath, Sallie E. Fullerton, Lizzie Shoop, Robert R. Shoop, Wm. Shoop, John D. Snowden, and Freddie H. Heck.

Lyman B. Garfield, of Jersey City, sends this list: Lyman B. Garfield, Charlie Mason, Charlie Lyons, Charlie Dall, Harry Lyons, C. L. Garfield, E. A. Bouton, M. R. Bouton, Joseph Brosnan, Leonard Orr, and Seward Williams.

Rosie Draper, of Washington, D. C., sends this list: Minnie Moore, May Owen, and Rosie Draper, of Washington, D. C.; and Ida Culbreth, Neta Walker, Rose Verdon, Hallie Pennervill, Emma Fowler, Kate Denny, and Jennie Knight, of Dover, Del.

Aura L. Harwood sends this list: Molly Pendergrass, Ella Townsend, Sarah Townsend, Pauline Patton, Julia Patton, Alice Trace, Addie Trace, Annie Graves, Laura Campbell, Mamie Campbell, Georgie Jones, and Beatrice Dixon.

Ethel and Madeleine Ristori, of New York, send this list: May R. Quackenboss, Madeleine D. Ristori, Ethel E. Ristori, Julia E. Nicholson, Lily Davenport, Frank W. Warrington, Harry L. Warrington, and Fred Frothingham.

Bell H. Harwood sends this list: Alice E. Hodson, Nelly M. Conner, Ella Calkins, Maggie L. Conner, Agnes E. Harwood, Eddy C. Harwood, Bessie Calkins, and Alice Libby.

George Matthews, of Olney, Ill., sends this list: George Matthews, Luciene Wilson, Sallie Wilson, Maggie Wilson, Edna Watson, Lena Watson, Mary Watson, Gus Louis, Rob Louis, Della Louis, and Josie Louis.

Clara May King, of Syracuse, N. Y., sends this list: Clara Ellis Beach, Edith Rust, Louisa C. Williams, Katie Williams, Lily Burdick, Jennie Marsh, Maggie Seal, Frances McDougall, and Clara May King.

Gussie S. Woodruff, of Hamilton, N. Y., sends this list: May Montgomery, Anna Butterfield, Alta A. Root, Zoe N. Wickwire, Gennie Wilcox, Frank Bright, Willie Montgomery, and Gussie S. Woodruff.

Nettie J. Griswold, of Le Roy, sends this list: Effie M. Bannister, Lucinda E. Bannister, Mary C. Bannister, Carl Bannister, Dwight Bannister, Willard Frisby, John Newan, and Paul Griswold.

Julia Elliott, of Indianapolis, sends this list: Lizzie Rady, Jo Hex, Minnie Coffin, Carrie Coffin, Harry Onwee, Lulu Onwee, and Julia Harlow.

George C. Phillips, of Philadelphia, sends this list: Rebecca Betts, Ryland W. Phillips, Howard M. Phillips, Bessie G. Marot, Mary Marot, Kate M. Phillips, and George C. Phillips.

Aubrey Geddes, of Mansfield, Ohio, sends these names: Hughie E. King, Jerry Settemyer, Willie Shamp, Burr Geddes, and Aubrey Geddes.

Hattie Roberts, of Rahway, N. J., sends a few names: Henry Terrill, Carrie Terrill, Joe Cheyney, Marianna Cheyney, Rebie Roberts, and Hattie Roberts.

Marie Sieboth, of Utica, N. Y., sends the following list: Mamie Walker, Nellie Sherwood, Jennie Burnop, Nellie Palmer, Alfred Sieboth, and Marie Sieboth.

Blanche Lintz, of Rochefort, Mo., sends this list: Ella Blanche Morgan, G. Montgomery Lintz, W. Alphonso Lintz, and Effie Morgan.

Helen Lukens and Carrie Glosser send these names: Carrie H. Glosser, Annie M. Glosser, J. Frank Glosser, Ettie W. McVaugh, Ida McVaugh, and Helen M. Lukens.

George Foran, of Stratford, Conn., sends us with this letter the names of four Chinese boys, who wish to join the Bird-defenders, and whom the army is glad to welcome:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There are four Chinese boys at my school, and when I asked them if they would join the army of Bird-defenders, and explained what it was, they were very glad to. Their names are Tsoor-Kih-Foo, Tseen-Wan-River, Sin-Kia-Shu, and Khong-Kang-Ling. I myself am one too.—Yours truly, GEO. FORAN.

Here is the list of Indian Bird-defenders referred to in another column: Ah'-na-runkh (Henry), Lo-le-ho'-wa-na (opening in the sky), Sat-e-gah-runkh'-his (row of trees, all same height), Tah-rough-yo'-ris, and Funh-tyuh-quah-no'-roungh (precious or select company).

Besides the above lists, the following names have been received: Arthur Fairbanks, Robert N. Fairbanks, May E. Chandlee, Mamie T. Chapman, Kitty A. Loomis, Jessie L. Randall, Charlie Sidebotham, Willie Sidebotham, George Morrison, Edmund Dixon, Mamie A. Reese, Wm. H. Willis, Jr., Livingstone Wetmore, Maria Carroll, Nettie P. Butler, Lottie L. Butler, Charles B. Clemens, Phebe A. Earl, Ella J. Bowman, Joanna B. Howell, Carrie Palmer, Anna M. Reed, Luella M. Palmer, Mary J. Curtis, Laura D. Haines, Edward H. Levis, Olive Anne Freret, Fanny Salkeld Freret, Carrie Salkeld Freret, George Clinton Clarke, Florence Clarke, Marion Clarke, Edward A. Woods, Charles A. Woods, Lawrence C. Woods, Eddie W. Donahue, George Pierce, Freddy W. Donahue, Fred A. Pratt, John S. Pratt, Harry W. Wheeler, Johnnie Allen, Emily Allen and Julia Allen, Lizzie Platt, May Hudson, Richard Hudson, Sarah Gallett, Anna Gallett Harry Gallett, Violet Crane, Richard Crane, Annie C. Ray, Addie E. Williams, James Scott, M. S. Christian, Gertrude Phipps, A. Phipps, Wilbur C. Lamphier, Marcia A. Lamphier, Caroline Gauvain, Marie Marchand, Daisy Ella Austermell, Lewie Austermell, Greenie Barnett, James B. Thompson, Belle Noyes, Jennie Noyes, Maud Miner, Josie Miner, Duane Bowles, Josie M. Bowles, Nellie A. Himes, Winthrop Webster Sargeant, Nisba P. Breckinridge, Katherine Pyle, Robert T. Taylor, Susie L. Westermann, C. A. Hanna, Rachel V. Bennett, James M. Hunter, Addie H. Heugh, C. S. Ricke, Jr., John Augustus Hunne-man, Charlie Robbins, Florence Palmer, Josie Willis, Edgar P. Mott, Bessie L. Cary, A. J. Kirkland, Harriet Elling, Florence Dike Wiley, Willie A. O. Paul, Edith Gallaudet, William A. Wells, Marion Butler, R. Woodcock, Emma Bundy, Louie Bundy, R. D.

Mohun, Robbie M. Fullerton, Mary Otis Gay, Eugene S. Ashton, Ethel G. Emery, Willie B. Shute, William H. A. Hall, Lillie Hallet, Hattie Partridge, May Wolcott, Albert C. Tufts, Gertrude Weil, Elna P. Hunt, Norra Abbott, Alice T. Walker, Lizzie C. Merrill, Herbert A. Shute, Abby E. Richards, Hattie C. Fernald.

MUSIC RECEIVED.

Friendship's Gift. A collection of popular pieces, simplified by E. Mack.
You Never Miss the Water (Howard). *You and You*, waltzes (Strauss). Both simplified; the last very pretty.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

LINEADUCTIONS.

1. I AM a narrow street; draw a downward line from a certain letter, and I become disabled. 2. I am sound in mind; draw a line, and I become identical. 3. I am the inhabitant of a peninsula near Norway; draw a line, and I become an old woman.

B. A. S.

CHARADE, No. 1.

To be my first is misfortune dire;
 To be my second many desire;
 To be ready, boys, for every tussle,
 Use my whole and increase in muscle.

A. O'N.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.—Rivers.

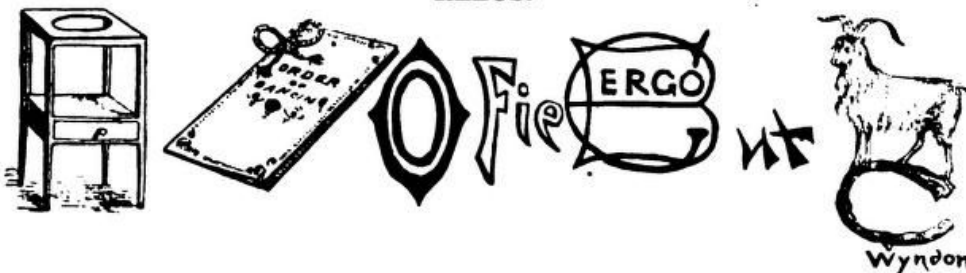
1. IT was sad to see — the peace of a whole village on the —. 2. I watched the wood-cutter take, as he plodded — unfrequented path on the shore of the —. 3. He sounded the — with lead and —. 4. Wild fruit — on the banks of the —. 5. The — pursued their prey to the banks of the —. 6. She looked from her — window upon the beautiful banks of the —. 7. — pleasant walks on the wild shores of the —. 8. A tall — stalked along the bank of the —. 9. I watched — their boat rocked on the —. 10. I — the waters of the — a perfect image of the trees on its margin.

B.

HIDDEN BIRDS.

1. THE name of a great hero never dies. 2. I met Rob in the city of New York. 3. He saw a Turk eying her from his seat. 4. The fine house that I saw in Boston is now rented to a lady of great wealth. S. L. B.

REBUS.



BEHEADED RHYMES.

WHY will you cause me thus to —
 And leave my heart a prey to —
 One little word might heal?
 If in your simple presence —
 No other single favor —
 What rapture should I feel!

Ah! 'tis the old deceptive —
 One's simple presence should be —
 To heal another's grief;
 If vows so slender should be —
 I think the little flame thus —
 Would prove a short relief.

J. P. B.

ENIGMA.

I AM composed of thirty-one letters. My 1, 14, 8, 11, 18, 3 is an esculent vegetable. My 6, 12, 19, 24, 15, 7 is a city in Greece. My 1, 11, 5, 9, 17 is a city in France. My 26, 2, 13, 10, 3, 4, 14 is a river in South America. My 25, 29, 27, 20 is a musical instrument. My 11, 2, 16, 21, 22, 30, 31, 28, 23, 4 is something we all should understand. My whole is an old saying. N. D. C.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. To undermine. 3. A bird. 4. An implement for writing. 5. A consonant. T. W.

RIDDLE.

I AM taller than a man,
 And less than a child;
 I am bitter and I am sweet,
 Civilized and wild.

You may meet me on the mountains,
 Very much at home,
 And in the street and on the sea,
 For I dearly love to roam.

Where you leave me in December,
 You will find me in June;
 You may wed me in the morning,
 And eat me at noon. JENNY DARE.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. MODERATELY warm. 2. To make proud. 3. A vessel on which the consecrated bread is placed. 4. Articles. 5. Close. NAUTICUS.

BEHEADED RIVERS.

1. BEHEAD a river and get a preposition. 2. Another, and get a girl's name. 3. Another, and get a boy's nickname. 4. Another, and get a fine whetstone. 5. Another, and get a very wise man. 6. Another, and you will "strike ile." B. M. E.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 1.

THE finals and primals form the names of two wild animals. 1. Something to give light. 2. A girl's name. 3. A Saxon god. 4. To divide. 5. An Arabian god. 6. To save. 7. A ruminant. D. H.

NAMES OF TOWNS AND CITIES.

1. A LEARNED man and an exclamation. 2. A noted lawyer and an untruth. 3. A boy's name, a vowel, a girl's name, an exclamation of shame, a vowel. 4. Not old, and a place of safety. D. H.

PREFIX PUZZLE.



[Prefix a certain syllable of five letters to each of the names of these pictures, and so make a word of each one of them.]

DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 2.

SYLLABLES.

My whole you'll find a compound word;
Now in the middle break it;
A circle you will find my first,
My next—a bird will make it.

LETTERS.

My first is a bird of plumage bright;
My second, a dish in which some delight.
My third, an animal of a hot clime
(A stranger, it may be, but suits well my rhyme).
My fourth is the name of a little cup,
Which will do my fifth, if you hang it up.
My sixth, though it often belongs to a band,
Is not noted for music, or anything grand.
My seventh, in some countries, in soup is much used
My eighth is a horse, which should not be abused.
My ninth, a strange animal, of a strange land;
That its name, too, is strange, you may soon under-stand.
My tenth you may see thrice a day at your table;
To guess it right quickly, I'm sure you are able.

The initials of these, of my whole form the name;
The finals will give you exactly the same.
My whole is an instrument, good in its way,
If we choose to keep secret who had the first say. B.

SQUARE-WORD.

1. A FRUIT. 2. Not late. 3. Protected. 4. Trans-
parent. 5. A serpent. J. P. B.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. HE tried to — the —. 2. He was very —
although he was —. 3. I — I wanted —. 4.
We had our — in the — story. 5. He began to
— because it was —. 6. We all had — to —.

M. G. B.

CHARADE, No. 2.

I AM a word of five syllables, easy to spell, but rather difficult for little folks to remember. My first and second represent an article that is absolutely necessary in new settlements; my third is frequently spoken of as a personage of importance; my fourth is what every little boy longs to become; my fifth might begin a Turkish priest, but could never complete him; and my whole is the name of a celebrated philosopher, who first gave us maps and globes, and who is said to have invented the sun-dial.

F. R. F.

EASY ENIGMA.

I AM composed of eight letters. My 3, 6, 7, 8 is to have completed. My 1, 2, 4, 5 is a male name. My 7, 4, 5 is a Spanish title. My 3, 2, 1, 4, 5 is a fruit. My whole is a beverage.

IRON DUKE.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.—Clues.

1. I — go on board the vessel at —. 2. The
potters of — baked their wares in —. 3. A
turnkey went through the corridors of a — prison
with a heavy — at his side. 4. He —
reach — in time for the celebration. 5. There is not
one such — found in the vicinity of —.
6. — at dinner, in —. B.



THE EMIGRANT PUZZLE.

IN the above picture may be found, by careful search, the following things: 1. Winding-sheets. 2. Ghosts. 3. A sad exclamation. 4. A dupe. 5. The body of an animal. 6. And a part of the same. 7. Shelter. 8. A toy. 9. A discourse. 10. A float. 11. Animals (visible). 12. Animals (concealed, but understood to be present). 13. One form of (so-called) spirit-manifestations. 14. Articles of jewelry. 15. Corsets. 16. Edifices. 17. A row of houses. 18. Parts of the stage of a theater. 19. A measure. 20. Corn in a certain form. 21. A tress of hair. 22. Parts of a watch. 23.

A sentinei. 24. A canoe transposed. 25. A pack of cards. 26. Flowers. 27. An evergreen. 28. Fruit. 29. A fruit tree. 30. The mates of the vessel, transposed. 31. Affirmatives and negatives. 32. A legal claim. 33. Certain tools, with a Latin preposition prefixed. 34. An island. 35. Four yards. 36. To cure. 37. Anger. 38. Scoffing. 39. The way in which certain animals drink. 40. A headland. 41. Parts of a river. 42. Managers of business. 43. What the Dutchman loves. 44. A fish. 45. A poet. 46. Profit. 47. Enclosures for animals. 48. An emblem of royalty. J. A. N.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JULY NUMBER

REBUS, No. 1.— "What man dare, I dare!
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble."

ENIGMA.—"There's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream."

CHARADE.—Mushroom.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Euphrosyne Parepa Rosa.

E—ncam—P
U—lric—A
P—ar—R
H—ow—E
R—ea—P
O—sceol—A
S—t. Pete—R
Y—O (you)
N—ichola—S
E—urop—A

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Resin, reins, serin, risen, siren. 2. Torso, roots. 3. Damon, monad, nomad. 4. Endow, Woden. 5. Seron, snore, Norse.

BEHEADED RHYMES.—Straining, training, raining. Brushing, rushing. Marching, arching.

SQUARE-WORD.—

CRAVAT
REVERE
AVENOR
VENDUE
AROUND
TEREDO

REBUS, No. 2.—"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child."

ELLIPSES.—1. Center, recent. 2. Estrange, sergeant. 3. Senator, treason. 4. Dread, dared. 5. General, enlarged. 6. Dilates, de-tails.

HIDDEN CAPES.—1. Ann. 2. Horn. 3. Bon. 4. Verd. 5. Clear.

METAGRAM.—Nice, rice, mice, ice.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

L
NED
LEARN
DRY
N
BALSAM
ALIEN
LINE
SEC
AN
M

HALF WORD-SQUARE.—

BALSAM
ALIEN
LINE
SEC
AN
M

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, previous to June 18, from Hattie Gibson, Leila Delano, Louella M. Palmer, "Y. M. I.," Mamie A. Johnson, Allen Edwd. Harbaugh, "Nimpo," Kittie Ames, "Hollyhock and Sunflower," Geo. Brady, Carrie Saltus, Grace Collins, Frank H. Belknap, William C. Delanoy, John R. Eldridge, Katie G. Bolster, Fannie Le Noir Russell, "F.," Julia Sanford and Mollie Willett, Louise R. Canby.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

SCHOOL'S IN! my dears, or soon will be—and who's sorry? Not I. Nor are you. For there has been a grand Summer play-time, and now Autumn winds begin to cool the air and flutter the leaves of books invitingly. Your Jack has heard—O, so many wonderful things this Summer! and you shall be told them all, in time. No matter how he has heard them, so that they are true and worth hearing, and the young folk are ready to listen. Dear, dear! What an astonishing world this is, and how busy we Jacks-in-pulpits are from morning till night, with the heaps and heaps that have to be told! Gather close, my chicks, and I'll tell you about

DUMB DOGS.

WHAT'S the use of a dog that can't bark? It seems that on the Guinea Coast there is a race of dogs that are absolutely dumb. The bird that told me does not know whether or not they are good watch-dogs. Guesses not. Perhaps they don't bark because they've nothing to watch! I heard a sailor say that once a few dogs of the barking kind were left on the desert island of Juan Fernandez. Thirty-three years afterward, when the original dogs were dead, and their descendants had all grown wild, not one of the wild dogs could bark. Then some of them were taken away to another country by sailors, and behold! after a time they began to gain their voices, and bark like common dogs. This sounds like a hard story, and I'll not say yea or nay to it, though it was told to me as a truth that had been endorsed by Mr. Darwin.

ALL SORTS OF HAIRS.

I SUPPOSE you youngsters think that all hairs are alike, except as to color; but that is only be-

cause your eyes are not very sharp. If your eyes were as sharp as a microscope, you could tell from the tiniest slice of a hair whether it grew on a boy or a quadruped, and what quadruped. A human hair, I am told, looks, in that searching little instrument, like a hollow tube, quite transparent, and marked with irregular lines around it. On looking very closely, these lines are seen to be the ends of separate surface-coats, or bark of the hair. Think of your hairs having bark! Inside the thin, scaly covering is a fibrous substance, from the bulb where it begins, to the point. The color of the hair is decided by the color of the fluid that fills this transparent tube. A cat's hair looks, under the prying microscope, like the trunk of an old, rough palm-tree; while a bat's hair resembles flowers of a trumpet shape, stuck into each other to form a chain. A bat from India has the trumpet-shaped cups expanded very wide, and notched on the edge. Hair from the head of a bee is pointed and set with short hairs standing straight out from the stem; and the hairs of a caterpillar are like stout, horny rods, drawn to a point and set with spines on each side.

This is very queer; but there's another thing about it. If the hairs of sheep, and other animals whose hair is used in manufactures, had not rough scales which clasp and mat together, they could not be made into felting. That is what makes broad-cloth and other woolen cloth so firm and strong.

DOGS THAT GO "A-CRABBING."

JACK hears all sorts of queer things. Listen to this true story: At low tide, on the coast of Terra del Fuego (and perhaps on some other coasts), crabs hide themselves under the loose stones that are scattered thickly over the beach. Here they lie carelessly, not dreaming of danger, waiting for high tide. In the meantime the dogs come looking for their dinners. With one fore-paw they turn over a stone, and with the other knock out the astonished crab. The dogs have to be quick about it, too, for if the crab has time to think, he grasps the stone so closely with his claws that the dog cannot get him off, without greater trouble than the dinner would be worth.

BIRDS AT SEA.

HERE is something that will specially interest the Bird-defenders. It comes to Jack from a friend of ST. NICHOLAS crossing the Atlantic in the good ship "Wisconsin."

"We are in sight of land," he writes: "it is early morning, and gulls already are coming to meet us—British birds, fresh from the green shores, with a confident, near-home air about them. But it is different with those that venture far out at sea. A few days ago (almost in mid-ocean), a tired land bird lit on the vessel, rested for a few moments, and then resumed his flight. It was plain that the brave little thing knew it had hard work before it. On one trip two small birds followed the ship for days, until one of them dropped exhausted into the sea. Instantly the other flew to the vessel, and fell at the captain's feet. He took it up tenderly, carried it into the cabin, and put it on the table. The passengers gathered around and gave it water; it drank as though famishing with thirst. Then they fed it with bread crumbs; the bird ate eagerly and thrived well, but never from that moment seemed to have the slightest fear of anybody on board. When the ship neared land he flew away."

"This reminds me of another incident for your young folks. At Lafayette, Indiana, at the beginning of the war, a regiment of soldiers encamped on a hill overlooking the town, and it was found that a sparrow's nest was within the very heart of the camp. Whatever may have become of the male bird, the mother staid and raised her brood. The soldiers put a few stakes around the nest, which was on the ground, and I often saw the mother-bird coming and going, undisturbed by the camp-fires, the roll of the drum, or the discharge of musketry."

Those were brave soldiers, I'll be bound, or they would not have been so gentle. I like to think of the stanch, gruff fellows with tenderness in their hearts for the helpless little family in their midst—don't you?

As for those little bird-passengers on the great ship, that flew away rejoicing when they saw land, what a good account of mankind they carried into the hedges and tree-tops! How ready they must be, among their fellows, to contradict all evil reports against human beings, and what a lesson they teach us!

We are all sailing along in a sort of ship—the ship of life—and every day, weary souls, worn out in hopeless wandering, are falling upon the deck. If we are kind and gentle, and help them find the way, it may be they will come to be trustful and strong, fearing no one on board, and ready to take wing in joy and thanksgiving when Land comes in sight.

ON THE EDGE OF A SHOWER.

DID any of you ever stand on the edge of a shower? It should not be a very rare event; for, as in these days nobody can say that it ever rains all over the earth at the same time, every shower must have an edge somewhere. Here is a good letter which has just come to me from a New York boy, who knows all about it:

DEAR JACK: Last evening we all witnessed a very beautiful sight. At 6.30, when the sun was about to set, a long, narrow cloud passed across from south to north. Soon it settled in a sullen way, and prepared for business—sending down torrents of rain. West of Avenue A, and reaching to about Third Avenue, the rain was coming down fearfully; beyond that all was clear. The sun shining on the rain-drops gave them the appearance of silver: but on the side where we were, the line formed by the rain on the walk all along Avenue A was perfectly straight, and as sharp as one could have made it with a mop and pail. Children standing just outside of the line would run in and out as though it were a shower-bath. This lasted fifteen minutes, while we fellows were all on the street perfectly dry, looking at people up the street cuddling under stoops and umbrellas, or running at full speed. Suddenly the wind changed, and lo! before we dry ones could reach a place of shelter, every one was thoroughly soaked.

Yours,

A. R. D.

AMONG THE LEAVES.

WHO can find me, this September, an elm-tree leaf that is of the same size and shape on each side of its center rib? Who can send me two elm-tree leaves, or two oak leaves, exactly alike in size and shape?

NURSE APPLEBY.

SOMEBODY in the South sends your Jack this little picture of an old colored woman, drawn from life:

Dear old Nurse Appleby—with her clean gingham gown, her smooth check apron, and her gay cotton headkerchief tied in a jaunty knot over her forehead! How heartsome, fresh, and proud she

looks, sitting there with young Missus's baby in her arms! She and her husband have their own home, now, with their children about them; but she is always ready to lend a hand in sickness or trouble, or when a new baby in "the family" needs her skillful and tender care. She was a slave until the war freed her, but all her life she seems to have seen only the bright side of her condition.

Last evening she sat by our nursery-fire rocking baby to sleep. The door was opened to admit the washerwoman, a very black negress, who entered with a heavy basket on her head, which she wearily deposited on the floor, and then, with a sigh of relief, made her hasty exit. Nurse listened to the retreating footsteps, then turning to me said, "Well ma'm, she's one of the *free-born*. Don't she look like it, poor, worn out, unlikely thing, that never had any massa or missis to take care of her when she was sick, but just bound, best part of her life to the hardest kind of work, to support them lazy husband and children o' hern?"

"Yes, she belongs to them kind of stuck up darkies, that holds themselves so proud because they was *always* free, that they call the rest of us, them *cut loose niggers*." Then, with an indignant toss of her turbaned head, Nurse Appleby adds: "Umph! they can talk big, but what kind of raising have they had? Aint they been knocking round all their lives? while we've been dressing decent, and living comfortable, and I'm sure I can count my family for generations back, that's been born and raised with aristocracy white folks. And old missis is here yet to prove that, and if the property is all gone, aint there enough of *us*, and the white family, still left, to show our raising, and to let folks see what the Macphersons and Creightons have been," and with another lofty toss of her head, she resumed her lullaby, settling herself into a state of complete satisfaction.

A CURRANT BUSH IN A LOCUST TREE.

THERE was once a locust-tree close by our meadow, and in the top of that locust-tree was a fine little currant-bush in full bearing! What do you think of that, my chicks? The birds thought very well of it, I assure you. The fruit was a little sour, to be sure, but then it was their very own. No human hand ever touched it. How it came to be up so high Jack cannot tell you, but he thinks the birds must have carried up the seed one fine day, and, lodging in a crotch of the tree by one of the dead branches, it found there enough mold or dust, or whatever it may be, to give it root-hold and nourishment. At any rate, there it was—a pretty little white currant-bush—till it died a natural death alone in the bleak Autumn wind.

This is not the only instance of the kind. I'm told that in Massachusetts, not many miles from Boston, there's a noble elm with a red-currant bush growing high up, just where the branches join the main trunk. It bears fruit every season, bright clusters of rubies glowing in the sun. Just imagine how the Robin-Aladdins feel when they come upon this jewel bush in the early morning!

THE LETTER-BOX.

TO THE BIRD-DEFENDERS: The names received since our last number (when, you may remember, we published nearly three pages of them) will be printed in our next issue, the October number, which will be the last of the volume. There are no Bird-defenders' names in this number.

Brooklyn, May 21, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In reading the "Letter-Box" of your magazine, I see a variety of questions asked, and so I will ask these two: How do you account for the color of human beings? and, what are the dimensions of the temple of Diana, and where was it situated?

JOHN WARD.

In answer to John's first question, the human skin is composed of three layers, and the cells of the middle layer contain a secretion (or pigment, as it is called) from which the skin takes its color. All the hues of the different races of men depend on the comparative abundance of these cells and on the color of the pigment enclosed by them. This color-layer of the skin is only slightly developed in the white race, but very distinct and thick in the darker ones.

As for the temple of Diana, it was situated at Ephesus, and was justly considered one of the seven wonders of the world, for the magnificent edifice was more than two hundred years in building. Its dimensions were 425 feet long by 200 broad. The roof was supported by 127 columns sixty feet high, and placed there by as many kings. The temple contained immense riches, and the goddess to whom it was dedicated was worshiped with great solemnity by the Ephesians.

THIS is such a good rhyming version of "Rhyming Play" that we give it entire:

ANSWER TO "RHYMING PLAY."

With little change of text, I may
Make answer to the rhyming play.

In all varieties, the rose
Is far the queenliest flower that blows.

In fragrance, the sweet garden pink
Is hard to be surpassed, I think.

To find a flower that rhymes with Willie,
We name at once the gorgeous lily.

King Solomon in all his glory
Equals not these, says sacred story.

Fourth, with the handsome, graceful fuchsia,
We rhyme the little Western Jooshia.

And next, the delicate verbena,
So perfectly is rhymed with Lena.

'Tis well to seek the mignonette
Where all the sweetest flowers are set.

Beneath the base the flat, square plinth
Is placed, and rhymes with hyacinth.

We start with A and end with L,
To find the yellow asphodel.

The "Ursa Major" of the "Dipper"
Could not put on a lady-slipper.

To find the magic four-leaved clover,
Fair maidens roam the meadows over.

With musk-rose and sweet eglantine,
Shakespeare has linked the rare woodbine.

This also comes from W. S.,
The odd name, love-in-idleness.

I do not find a rhyme for Cyrus,
Unless you will admit the ins.

We fitly rhyme the fair japonica,
Changing the accent in Salonica.

The flower with open mouth, snap-dragon,
Does very well to rhyme with wagon.

It is unwise to pick a thistle,
And hard to make a pigtail whistle.

A Scotchman for our much says muckle
Which is a rhyme for honeysuckle.

In tint the dainty lavender
Matches the gloves that some prefer.

A flower has gained the name pond-lily,
That rises from the waters stilly.

The timid, wild wood violet
Is called the poet's modest pet.

E. S. L.

MR. HASKINS, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Bird-defenders, sends us a bird's nest which suggests a very peculiar story. The nest itself is an ordinary one, built last year, and in it is a dead bird—nothing now but a skeleton and a few feathers. The cause of its death is very apparent. The nest is partly made of horse-hair and threads, and in these the poor bird had become so entangled that it was impossible for it to get out, and there it staid and died, and there it is yet.

It is not a full-grown bird, but it is not a very small one, and so it is possible that it lived in the nest some time after it became fastened, and that its parents brought it food with the others until they grew large enough to leave the nest, and that they then all left except this poor bird who could not go, and who staid there and died!

Mr. Haskins also writes as follows:

W. F. Bundy, of Jefferson, Wisconsin, says that the rose-breasted grosbeak, whose hard name is *Goniaphea Ludoviciana*, eats the Colorado bug, and that the farmers hold these birds in great favor, and are very careful to prevent their destruction.

If there had been no quails or prairie-chickens killed in the grass-hopper region for the past two years, would n't the farmers have been much better off?

Bangor, Maine.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to know if you give premiums to those who get subscribers to the magazine? "VIRGIL."

Yes, we will send you a premium list if you will send us your name and address.

WE HAVE received a little book about two inches square, called the "Sad Story of Baby Rose," by Bessie R—. The author's mother writes this note about it:

OUR DEAR DELIGHTFUL FRIEND ST. NICHOLAS:

A few weeks ago my little Bessie—eight years old—came shyly bringing me a neat manuscript with ornamented title-page, saying it was a story she had written for papa. Upon inquiring of her little brother and playmate, I found she had written it that afternoon in the nursery, quite "out of her own head," as another and more knowing Bessie has put it. As this is our Bessie's first essay in this kind of composition, her papa printed it on his little office press, and almost overwhelmed the modest authoress a few days thereafter with the view of a real book by her own little self.

We print the contents of the book in full:

Once upon a time, there was a little girl whose mother thought her the best child in all the world. Rose was her name.

Now, my dear little readers, I will begin.

Rose was born on Christmas, in the year 1873. Now, of course, I must tell you that Rose's loving mother thought her a little jewel then as much as your mother did when you were born. When Rose's mamma saw a little baby lying in her lap she jumped for joy. She took her and put on her a white frock and a little embroidered sack, and then she gave her some breakfast.

Now her mamma said that she would teach Rose to be good and truthful. Rose grew and grew every day. When Rose was only two months and one week old her mamma was gone out to visit her grandma and left Rose playing on the bed, with her nurse to look after her. After a little while her nurse put her on the floor to play till she came back from seeing some one in the kitchen. Her nurse ought to have known better than to leave Rose near the stairs, but she did not. So very soon Rose, who did not want to stay at the

stairs any longer, began to cry, and then the nurse came, took her up, and gave her a cruel whipping as hard as she could with a horse-whip all over her body, having taken off everything Rose had on while she was whipping her, and after the nurse had done whipping her she took baby by the hands and feet and threw her over the staircase. The nurse then put on her hat and went out.

Rose's mamma came in just at this time and saw her darling lying there on the floor, quite dead, as she supposed, and she ran and told her husband. He came and ran for the doctor. The doctor came at once and took Rose upon his knee and said she was fatally injured. Then Rose's loving mamma tenderly washed and bound up her cuts and her bruises and put her into her own soft bed. Then she sat down by her and never left her while she lived. Rose never got well, though she got some better and was able to sit up, but one morning she was very bad and suffered dreadfully.

Toward night Rose lifted up her hands and said "I am dying," and at eleven o'clock that night she died.

It was a great grief to her mamma, and after the funeral her mamma took sick and died of grief.

My little readers, you ought to be glad that you did not die so young, and be glad that you did not have such a wicked nurse that caused first the death of pretty little Rose, and second her dear mamma's death, who, as I said before, died of grief at losing her darling baby Rose.

My little readers, I will now tell you what became of Rose's ugly and wicked nurse. One day Rose's father met the nurse in the street, and spoke kindly, and he said to her, "Miss Miller, I am very sorry you killed my little darling child and caused the death of my dear wife. I ask you now to come home with me." And Miss Miller said, "I will, my dear Mr. Lane," and so she did. Then Mr. Lane went right off and called a policeman and brought him home, and the policeman took Miss Miller and led her off to prison, where she was to be beheaded the next day, and when the morning dawned she was very much frightened, but they came up to her and took her to a room and laid her down, then they lifted the axe and let it fall and she was dead. And that was the end of that wicked nurse.

Soon afterward Mr. Lane married again and had many other little girls and boys, but he never forgot, in all his life, either his own darling baby Rose or her dear and loving mother.

Highland Park, Ill., July 1st, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read "Jack-in-the-Pulpit's" article on Gray's telephone, in which I was very much interested, as Mr. Gray lives next door to me, and I am well acquainted with him and his family. I have heard the telephone, and I can tell you it is splendid.—Yours always,

K. E. B.

K. E. B. also sends a poem.

A LAMENT.

I have a dog—	Doth follow me
From very shame	Where'er I go.
I hesitate	
To tell his name.	To church, to school,
	At play, at home,
His form is lean,	Until I vow
And slim and tall;	I'll no more roam.
His lungs are very	
Far from small.	O, prithee show
	To me the spot
This dreadful cur,	Where I can be
I'd have you know,	And he cannot.

Philadelphia, June 16, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I heard recently a remarkable and beautiful bird-story, which I thought you might deem worth giving to your young readers, especially the Bird-defenders. Its truth is vouched for by a gentleman who saw the proceeding.

On a large tree near a country-house, a pair of robins had built a nest, and were caring for four little robins, whose heads could often be seen above the edge of the nest. One morning, from some unknown cause, both the parent birds were found dead at the foot of the tree, and away up in the nest the little orphans were lifting up their heads and "piping," as if asking for food. What could be done for them? Though in full view, it was almost impossible to reach the nest. While the folks of the house were trying to solve the problem, a wren was seen to light on the edge of the nest, and, after remaining apparently just long enough to take in the "situation," fly away. A watch was kept, and the wren soon returned with some food in its mouth, and fed the four helpless robins. It returned during the day on the same mission, and from that time until the birds were able to leave the nest it was often observed ministering to their wants.

"NORTH."

CAN any of our boys or girls tell us why a ship crossing the Atlantic, and sailing in a straight line from New York to Liverpool, would sail one hundred miles farther than a ship sailing from New York to Liverpool on a curved line curving up toward the north?

JAMES S. wants to know why Baltimore was so called, and if there is any other Baltimore in the Old World? Some of you surely can tell him.

F. R. F., who for many years has lived in the East, writes as follows about kites in that part of the world:

Kite-flying is not a boyish sport in Eastern lands, but a pastime of the fathers, while the sons look on and enjoy merely seeing the fun. Rich old merchants, dignified judges, and gray-haired grandfathers will spend whole afternoons guiding the ascent of their kites, while their boys are the most interested spectators, looking yearningly forward to the period when they shall inherit, with other honors of maturity, the privilege of flying their own kites.

But, then, these Oriental kites are not ordinary affairs of paste and paper, such as make glad the hearts of our juveniles. They are very marvels of skill and inventiveness, and of every conceivable form, size, and material. Their forms are those of all manner of insects, flowers, birds, fishes, and reptiles, as well as of gods and goddesses, angels and demons, while not a few represent beings unknown in air, earth, or sea, heaven or hell. Some are of huge dimensions, composed of oiled silk painted in various shades to depict stone, slate, tiles, brick, wood, iron, glass, and silver; and are fashioned in the form of castles, palaces, or pagodas, adorned with spires and turrets, vaulted domes, arches and lofty windows. These are lighted by tapers or miniature lamps, that frequently set fire to the thin, combustible material, and ultimately consume these fairy palaces, or "air castles," as they may well be called. The conflagration occupies but a few minutes, but it is beautiful while it lasts.

Occasionally, a group of kites will be seen as an immense bird surrounded by a whole train of hawks, and all skillfully guided by a single string. Some represent an immense bouquet of flowers; some a tree with foliage, blossoms and fruit, all true to nature—the fruit containing rockets that explode with a loud report; and some make their appearance as lanterns, balloons, or fire-wheels, the spokes of the last being lighted by transparencies in which are confined living fire-flies. Others are in the form of huge dragons, eagles, vultures, flying serpents, and such like monsters, real and imaginary. Even our own species has its representatives in kites, sometimes as a fierce-looking giant armed with spear or battle-axe, and again as a beautiful maiden in shining robes and flowing hair. So very skillfully are these enormous kites managed, that a sort of aerial game is sometimes played, in which three, four, or perhaps twice that number of kites are engaged.

Kites are in vogue at only one season of the year; but then there is a perfect rage for them, and the number that go whizzing past one's ears, or soaring gallantly in the clouds, would seem incredible to one who had never witnessed the novel spectacle of a thousand huge kites floating simultaneously above the spires and turrets of a great city. Occasionally, even princes and nobles condescend to indulge in this exhilarating sport; but in such cases, the kites are always sent up from the domes or turrets of their own palaces, and they so far excel in size and splendor those of the common people as to prove that, even in his amusements, the man of rank does not forget the wide distance between a prince and a peasant.

Stamford, June 11.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will I have to kill my cats if I am a Bird-defender? If so, I will not be one. If not, will you please to put my name down on your list.—Your gratified reader,

KITTIE WARREN.

All right, Kittie, keep your cat.

HERE is an account of an old church from a little girl in Arizona. We have so few ancient buildings in our country that we ought to take an interest in this.

SAN XAVIER.

Now, I am afraid some of your readers will look at the heading of this and say, "Oh, that is not worth reading. Arizona is only made of Indians and sand!"

It is true Arizona has a great deal of sand, and a great many Indians; but there are other things there too. Oh, my, yes! a great many interesting things there, among which is San Xavier. San Xavier, you must first know, was built many, many years before you, or your father, or even his father, were born—in fact, almost two hundred years ago—by a company of Jesuit missionaries from Spain, who came and settled in Arizona, where they built a great many of these missions (as they are called), and some of them are very handsome, but with only one, however, have we anything to do. This one is situated nine miles from Tucson. On approaching it from that quarter it looks very pretty, with its tall unfinished domes (for it was never finished), of stone and red brick—the latter brought from Spain—extending high up in the sunlight.

Now, walk with me up to the door, where a dozen or so half-dressed Appapagoes stand asking for "muckamuck" (something to eat). You enter, and you feel almost as though you were going into some vault, it is so cold and damp. On taking a few steps forward, that feeling changes to one of wonder and awe. You find yourself

in a large room, where the stone floor is painted in curious style. The ceiling where you stand is about forty feet, for over your head is a place for the choir. On going further we come upon a figure of Christ in the sepulchre, with the crown of thorns on his head, and the blood trickling down his face. It looks very life-like. All around this are pictures of the saints. Over the altar is one of St. Peter, which looks very ludicrous. He has on a long cloak which comes down to his feet, and a small hat on his head.

Now, after looking at these things, step with me into the vestry. Here are robes that were worn two hundred years ago by priests who have long since turned to dust. Here also are the silver pitcher and plate for holding the blessed sacrament. Now, come back through the church, climb the old dark stairs, go into the belfry, and look upon those ancient chimes whose tones rang out on the still Summer morning two hundred years ago, calling to mass the builders of this ancient pile of masonry.

S. L. R.

THE translation of the Latin story in our July number will appear next month. We give plenty of time to our young Latin translators.

A LADY sends us the following account of a little bird-mother who suffered death rather than desert her children:

A little bird (a wren) built its nest in a rose-bush by the piazza, at the corner of the house near the cave-spout. It had laid its eggs and hatched them, when one night there came up a rain, which, running from the spout, drowned the bird—as she, rather than forsake her duty, had staid to shield her brood. In the morning, when the lady went to look at the nest, there sat the bird motionless, with wings outspread in protection over it, both the mother-bird and little ones dead!

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I know a great many stories about chickens—true ones I mean. Once we had an old turkey gobbler and some hens. One of the hens had young ones—I don't remember how many, but she had quite a good many. Well, in some way she got killed, and there were all those little turkeys! We did n't know what to do; but the old gobbler came to the rescue. He took care of them until they grew so large that they only could stand around him and poke their heads under him.

Once there was a hen with chickens, and she saw a fish-line standing by the kitchen door, and swallowed the hook. They had to kill her, and a rooster took care of the little chicks.

There were two hens sitting on one nest. Well, they came off with only one chicken. By and by, these hens got tired of running around with that one chick, and so they went off. I suppose one hen thought the other could take care of it, and the other thought so too, if hens think at all. They had a hen in a coop, shut up because they did n't want her to set. She took that little chicken, and took care of it. I know of a rooster that took care of chickens, too.

FANNIE HUNT.

In addition to that published last month, we here give another list of names of boys and girls who have sent answers to the Rhyming Play in the June number: Horace P. Taylor, Mary Brodnax, Anna Palen, Mark W. C., Amy Waters, Cora Mabel Wesley, Leilly B. Dresser, Mary F. Wallace, Alice T. Walker, Cora E. Everett, Winnie Gould, Mary Billin, Hannah Rollins, Edith S. Tufts, Harry Thiers, Nellie C. Beckwith, Willie M. Burton, Frances Hersh, Gracie Bigelow, Julia Reno, Julia Sanford, Mollie Willett, Fannie Lellor, Russell, John R. Eldridge, Louise R. Canby, Nettie Starkweather, Ida Cronsch, Nellie Chase, Dollie Carrick, Violet Beach, Mary Morris Jones, Hattie M. Newton, Amy Hicks, and George Hicks.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

EASY METAGRAM.

WHOLE, I am a drunkard. Change my head, and I am a bed; change again, and I am a man mentioned in the Bible; again, and I am to decay; again, and I am a negative; again, and I am warm; again, and I am a small mark; again, and I am to write down hastily.

M. A. J.

BEHEADED RHYMES.

As Kate was just about to —,
She found she'd quite forgot her —,
Made with all culinary —
By her old friend the cook.

So catching it from off her —,
In fear lest she should be —,
All down the street she ran, and —,
How greedy she did look!

A. B. C.

RIDDLE.

My whole is the name of a bird. From it make (1) the generic name of the animal it lives on; (2) the name of one species of it; (3) an organ of its body; (4) the state it must be in when cooked for man, unless packed for market, and then (5) the name of a vessel it is often packed in; (6) an instrument used in preparing it for the cook; (7) what the cook does to it, and (8) what it is done over; (9) what the man is called who obtains it; and (10) something he frequently uses in taking it.

J. P. B.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

HERE are some of the signs in a certain queer little village. Who can read them?

1. Lairot. 2. Stinted. 3. Torcod. 4. Nelmiril. 5. Gurd-Tores. 6. Ricesorge. 7. Toifecopsf. 8. Hacs-Rotes. 9. Ryd-Dogos.

POLK.

ENIGMA.

I AM composed of fourteen letters. My 2, 5, 1, 9 is to incline. My 3, 1, 10 is an article used by ladies. My 11, 8, 1, 4 is a period of time. My 7, 5, 1 is what some people drink. My 13, 10, 8 is a number. My 3, 1, 14, 10, 11 is a girl's name. My 11, 13, 9, 6, 8, 4 is an adverb. My 7, 5, 14 is a number. My 12, 11, 9, 13, 6 is a kind of council. My 7, 11, 4, 13, 2 is a small province in Europe. My 7, 11, 4, 1, 14, 7 is a cruel ruler. My whole is a distinguished poet.

M. A. J.

CHARADE, No. 1.

My first once roamed where grows my whole,
Brave, warlike, wild and free;
Often my second served for food,
In Winter you may see.

My whole (that part beneath the ground)
Once taste, and you will say
The horrid thing had better be
A thousand miles away.

Yet, from the earth, in beauty rare,
Its blossom greets your eye,
And 'neath a brodered canopy
Welcomes the passer-by.

And seek it (with its prettier name),
Your fireside it will greet,
And once a month will bring to you
A sure and pleasant treat.

B.

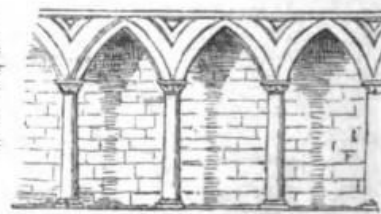
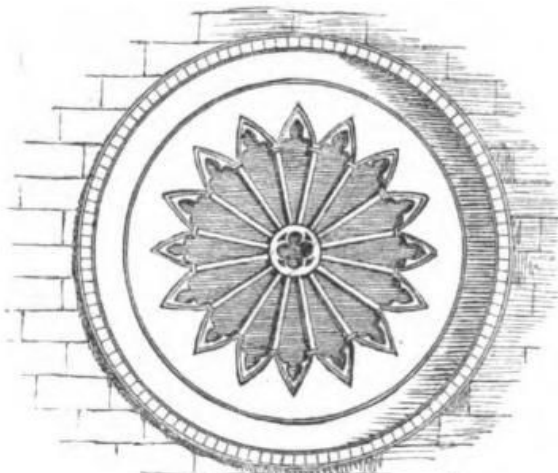
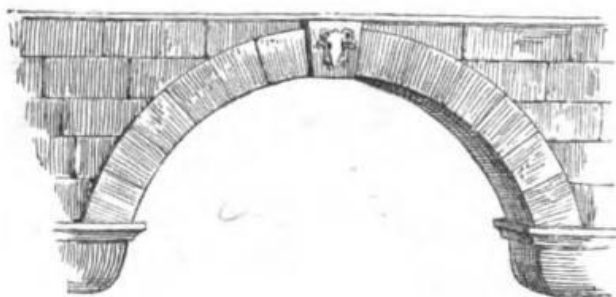
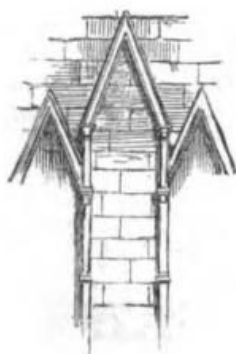
DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

FOUNDATION words: A continent and a monarchy.
Cross words: 1. A fruit. 2. A biped. 3. Stopping. 4. Name of a great painter. 5. One of the United States. 6. A country in Asia. 7. A conjunction.

D. H.

ARCHITECTURAL PUZZLE.

(From one of these designs make each of the others.)



Charl-

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN AUGUST NUMBER.

LINEADUCTIONS.—1. Lane, Lame. 2. Sane, Same. 3. Dane, Dame.

CHARADE, No. 1.—Dumb-bell.

TRANPOSITIONS (RIVERS).—1. Crime mar—Merrimac. 2. Home along an—Monongahela. 3. Nile—line. 4. Ripened—Dneiper. 5. Hounds—Hudson. 6. Oriel—Loire. 7. I miss our—Missouri. 8. Heron—Rhône. 9. Them as—Thames. 10. See in—Seine.

HIDDEN BIRDS.—1. Heron. 2. Robin. 3. Turkey. 4. Wren.

REBUS.—“Stand not upon the order of your going, But go at once.”

BEHEADED RHYMS.—Languish, anguish. Basking, asking. Fable, able. Plighted, lighted.

ENIGMA.—“Procrastination is the thief of time.”

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

R
S A P
R A V E N
P E N
N

RIDDLE.—Olive (the tree, the fruit, and the name).

WORD-SQUARE.—

T E P I D
E L A T E
P A T E N
I T E M S
D E N S E

BEHEADED RIVERS.—1. Don. 2. Pruth. 3. Red. 4. Rhone. 5. Osage. 6. Nile.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 1.—Leopard, Panther.

L—am—P
E—ll—A
O—di—N
P—ar—T
A—lla—H
R—escu—E
D—ec—R

NAMES OF TOWNS AND CITIES.—1. Savannah. 2. Berkeley. 3. Philadelphia. 4. New Haven.

PREFIX PUZZLE.—Prefix: “Trans.”—Scribe, fur, form, figure, sit, parent, plant, port, fuse, spire, mit, verse, pose.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 2.—Round-robin.—(RolleR, OliO, UnaU, NipperkiN, DepenD, RobbeR, Okro, BarB, IndrI, NapkiN.)

SQUARE-WORD.—

P E A C H
E A R L Y
A R M E D
C L E A R
H Y D R A

DECAPITATIONS.—1. Stop, top. 2. Bold, old. 3. Said, aid. 4. Supper, upper. 5. Scold, cold. 6. Meat, cat.

CHARADE.—Anaximander.

EASY ENIGMA.—Lemonade.

TRANPOSITIONS (CITIES).—1. Cannot—Canton. 2. Devonshire—hired ovens. 3. New York—key worn. 4. Tried to—Detroit. 5. Crop in ten—Princeton. 6. Philip had ale—Philadelphia.

THE EMIGRANT PUZZLE.—1. Shrouds (ropes from the mast to the side of the vessel). 2. Shades (or shadows). 3. Alas! (a lass). 4. A gull (bird). 5. Trunk. 6. Chest. 7. Cover (of the chest). 8. Top (of the chest). 9. Address (a dress). 10. Buoy (boy). 11. Hares (hares). 12. Calves. 13. Wraps, or wrappings (rappings). 14. Rings and buckle (on trunk). 15. Stays (ropes). 16. Temples. 17. Block. 18. Wings. 19. Foot. 20. Fars. 21. Lock (on the trunk). 22. Face and hands. 23. Guard (the outer rail). 24. Ocean (the letters of “canoe” transposed). 25. Deck. 26. Tulips (two lips). 27. Box. 28. Pears (pairs of boots and shoes). 29. Palm (the date tree). 30. Steam (the letters of “mates” transposed). 31. Eyes and noses (eyes and nose). 32. Lien (lean on a support). 33. Profiles (files—pro). 34. Skye (sky). 35. Twelve feet. 36. Heal (heel). 37. Cholera (col-lar). 38. Railing. 39. Lap. 40. Cape. 41. Mouth and arm. 42. Foremen (four men). 43. A pipe (smoke-pipe). 44. Sole. 45. Hood. 46. Boot. 47. Folds (on the woman’s dress). 48. Crown (on the man’s hat).

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JULY NUMBER were received, previous to July 18, from Thomas P. Sanborn, Fannie S. Humphrey, “Grace and Maddie,” Josie R. Ingalls, Launcelot M. Berkeley, “Nimpo,” Chas. G. Rupert, S. Frankie Rupert, Minnie M. Tooker, Helen Reese, Lilla M. Halliwell, Robt. M. Reese, Charles Baldwin, “Pearl,” Edward H. Rudd, Reinette L. Ford, Willie L. Young, Frank H. Belknap, Willie A. Lewis, Louella Palmer, Cora Mabel Wesley, Victor Grant Beebe, Annie Donaldson, Willie Dibb’ee, Alexander Wiley, Mary H. Wilson, “Lillie,” Lester Woodbridge, Fred B. Crowell, “Little Nell,” Mamie L. Lane, and Alice Richards.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

WHO says the American flag is red, white and blue to-day? I call it red, yellow and brown. At any rate, these are the colors that now are waving about me. They are not all unfurled yet, these beautiful American flags, but lean folded here and there amid the green, waiting in the sunlight for the ripe hour that shall set them free in all their glory.

Ah, what a world this is, my darlings—how rich and beautiful—how well worth being thankful for! I don't believe any one of us is in the least worthy of it. But somehow it is blessed to feel that as one of God's great family each of us may take fresh possession of it every morning in joy and thanksgiving.

Now do you want to hear about

THE SPIRE OF ST. NICHOLAS.

HAVE you heard the news, my pets? The birds are full of it, and they wish me to tell it to the army of Bird-defenders, with their compliments. The spire of Strasburg is no longer the highest in Europe. What is, then? Why, the spire of St. Nicholas, to be sure—the great church of St. Nicholas, lately completed at Hamburg! Strasburg sends its beautiful steeple 466 feet into the air, but St. Nicholas tops this by six feet—a clear reach of 472 feet, my beloved—the highest spire in Christendom.

WHO CAN COUNT THE STARS?

DID you ever try to count the stars? I used to try to do so myself, but somehow I always fell asleep before I could get through, and when I woke up I could not tell where I left off. I'm told, though, that it has been done, and that there are only about eight thousand visible to the naked eye. Don't they make a great show for a number no

larger than that? But the Raven tells me that his master, the Astronomer, says that those we can see with our eyes alone are but a very trifle compared with the number that he can see through his telescope. He says, for instance, that there are *eighteen millions* of stars in the Milky Way. Now it's of no use! I can't even think of such a number as that. My head is n't big enough to hold them.

RATS IN A TREE.

Macon, Georgia.

DEAR JACK: I want to tell you of something rather curious: Some years since, I occupied a Summer residence in Georgia, surrounded by mimosa-trees of a fine, feathery foliage, with pods rather shorter than those of the sweet locust. These pods were filled with hard, shiny brown seed, often used by the children for making baskets, bracelets and necklaces. For several days I noticed, after dark, a great rustling in the tree near my window, as if the birds on its boughs were peculiarly restless. I did not, however, pay them much attention till one evening, sitting by the window in the twilight, leaning on the sill and enjoying the cool air, I gradually became conscious that the birds were very odd. They seemed to have no wings, and their tails were long and stringy, whisking from side to side, as they ran back and forward with great agility along the crooked limbs. After gazing with increasing wonder for some moments, I called the children. The moment they arrived, the birds disappeared; but, standing quiet as mice, we soon saw first one, then another small head, with its black, sharp eyes, peer from under the eaves of the house, then spring quickly to the nearest branch; and we now discovered that our birds were not birds at all. They were not even flying squirrels, but large brown rats, that lived and flourished in our roof, and came out to regale themselves upon the seed of the mimosa, and gambol among its boughs. We saw one greedy rat, in his eagerness to secure a very tempting pod, slip from the branch with a squeak of fright, instantly answered by a squeak of pain from another, as, in his frantic efforts to catch hold of something, he caught his neighbor's hanging tail in his mouth. This second rat, in his desperate endeavors to get away, dragged the hanging rat near enough to grasp a limb and release the suffering tail. During this struggle, the whole colony stood still, looking on, and squeaking in sympathy. The pulling and crunching of pods to get the seed, and the dropping of empty shells on the ground, sounded like the soft pattering of rain.

The children and I amused ourselves till supper-time throwing brooms, brushes, and shoes into the tree, to see on the instant the busy crowd disappear like magic, but with none of the flutter and twittering of birds. They would be gone without a sound. These tree rats were a source of interest the whole Summer, and we spent many pleasant hours trying to distinguish them apart, giving names to some and counting the baby rats added occasionally to the crowd.

M. G. B—

A CROOKED STORY.

AT recess, on the last day before "vacation" began, the pretty schoolmistress brought a story to the meadow, which she had written specially for the children. It seemed to me a very straight story when she read it aloud; but from the way in which the little creatures laughed as they crowded about her and looked at the writing, I'm sure there must have been something very crooked about it, after all. Soon she said, to my delight:

"I think, my dears, we'll send this story to ST. NICHOLAS. You'll notice that *every word in it is spelled correctly, in itself*,—that is, you can find each one in any dictionary. Now what is the matter with it?"

"Ha, ha!" they shouted. "Ha, ha!" But one bright little fellow added:

"You've put in words that are pronounced the same, but they have a different meaning,—so they're the wrong words!"

"Yes," laughed the schoolmistress, "you're right. They are the *wrong words*. The spelling of each is quite correct, but many of the words are wrong. Yet if the right words were put in place

of these, the story, if read aloud, would sound exactly the same as it does now—would n't it?"

"Yes, ma'am! yes, ma'am!" cried one and all.

"Very well, then," said she. "Now, when you find it printed in ST. NICHOLAS, will you all write it out for me with the proper words, so that it will be correct and yet sound exactly as it does now?"

"Yes! oh yes!" they cried eagerly.

[Now, dear editor, please put the pretty school-mistress' story in here, so that my children, thousands of them, can try too, and send what they write to me in care of ST. NICHOLAS magazine. If they'll send the thing correctly written out in their own handwriting, I'll print the best in these pages, and acknowledge all the good ones.]

Now, my pets, set to work! Send in your versions. Jack would like to have a pile as big as a house.

THE STORY.

A rite suite little buoy, the sun of a grate kernel, with a rough about his neck, flue up the rode swift as eh dear. After a thyme, he had stopped at a gnu house and wrung the belle. His tow hurt hymn, and he kneaded wrest. He was two tired too raze his fare, pail face. A feint mown of pane rows from his lips.

The made who herd the belle was about to pair a pare, but she through it down and ran with awl her mite, four fear her guessed wood knot weight.

Butt wen she sore the little won, tiers stood in her eyes at the site. "Ewe poor deer! Why due yew lye hear? Ah yew dyeing!"

"Know," he side. "I am feint two thee corps."

She boar hymn in her alms, as she aught, too a rheum ware he mite bee quiet, gave him bred and meet, held cent under his knows, tide his choler, rapped him warmly, gave him some sweet drachm from a viol, till at last he went fourth hail as a young hoarse. His eyes shown, his cheek was read as a flour, and he gambled a hole our.

GROWING MOUNTAINS.

YOU would n't think it, but I'm told it is actually so, that very high mountains increase in size every year. This is owing to the great quantities of snow which fall upon their tops. Some of this snow slowly melts and runs down the mountain-sides; but much remains, and so the mountains grow higher, year by year, as each season's snow falls upon that left there the year before.

COWS' UPPER TEETH.

HATTIE WHEELER writes to Jack:

I like ST. NICHOLAS ever so much. I think the illustrations of "Johnny Spooner's Menagerie" are so good!—if I were only a boy I should get up one. I like Miss Alcott's story of "Eight Cousins" more than any of her other stories.

Jack asks if any of his young friends can tell him why a certain wealthy farmer, who offered \$10,000 for a full set of cow's teeth, lower and upper, cannot get what he wants. The reason he cannot is—cows have no upper front teeth, but have large teeth back, which are called grinders. These are used for chewing the cud.

Hattie is right according to some authorities, and wrong according to others. Cows have no upper front teeth, that's certain; but as for upper back grinders, I'm not so sure. I never had the pleasure of seeing the inside of a cow's mouth with my own eyes; and it so happens that all growing things of my acquaintance that ever went in to investigate, never came out again to give any report. Perhaps some stout farmer's boy will solve the mystery. For my part, I'd sooner trust a butcher's opinion than a farmer's, for farmers seem to differ on the subject. Is a cow's upper jaw just like a sheep's (as far as teeth are concerned) or not—and, if not, what next?

NEW READING OF "SING A SONG O' SIXPENCE."

"The Farm."

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: You know I am very domestic—very old-fashioned, and get little credit for anything but nonsense. So you see, I was wonderfully surprised the other day when a school-girl said I ought to be ranked with the classic poets—that my pictures were just as good as some in the grand old mythology of the Greeks and Romans. She begged me to accept her interpretation of my "Song of Sixpence," in token of regard. Here it is:

'Every day's a dainty pie,
Earth the dish—the cover, sky.
Four and twenty hours make
Royal birds therein to bake.
King of Day, the golden sun,
Counts his beams out one by one.
Silver moon, the Queen of Night,
Sips, for honey, rays of light.
Rosy Dawn, maid first to rise,
Hangs bright clouds across the skies.
Birds aye sing at break of day;
Sunrise drives fair Dawn away.
Mother Goose, how could you know?
Did the blackbirds tell you so?"

Between you and me, dear Jack, do you think she found that all out herself? If she did—well, I'll leave it with you. You have the best tact in stirring up young thoughts. I know it will be new to some one.—Your friend,
MOTHER GOOSE.

THE LARGEST LIVING THINGS.

WHO among you can tell me right off which are the largest of living things?

Hurrah! TREES, eh? Of course they are; but one is not apt to think of them at first. Elephants, whales, and such stupendous fellows pop into one's head instead; but what are they for size by the side of a grand oak, a splendid hickory, a cedar of Lebanon, or one of the big trees of California!

And what a baby the oldest living creature is compared with a really old tree! Did ever you hear of the famous dragon-tree on the Island of Teneriffe, which died about eight years ago, after standing 5,000 years? There's a green old age for you! I never had a chance, as you know, to count the rings of this tree myself; but scientific professors have published its length of years, and I suppose we must take their word for it.

THE MEANING OF "HURRAH"

WHO can tell the meaning of "hurrah?" Jack used it just now a little thoughtlessly, considering its true sense. The pretty schoolma'am says it originated among Eastern nations, where it was used as a war-cry, from the belief that all who died in battle went to heaven.

"To Paradise!" (*hurrag!*) men shouted to one another, by way of encouragement, in the thickest of the fight; and so, in time, came our word "hurrah!" which means almost anything you choose, so that it be of good cheer.

MOLE-FURRED HORSES.

IT is n't likely that any of my children ever saw one of these horses, or that many of them ever will see one. There are only a few, and these are found in the deep coal-mines of Belgium. There, where horses have been kept for many years so far down in the damp earth away from the sun, their coats become of a thick, soft, velvety fur, like that of the mole. Poor fellows! It must be dreadful to be a horse that never can sniff the sunshine, nor roll on the long, fresh grass!

THE LETTER-BOX.

CHILDREN, you will have heard of the death of Hans Christian Andersen before you see this magazine, but you may not yet understand what you have lost, and what we all have lost.

Hans Christian Andersen stood at the head of all writers for children. No one wrote stories that were so quaint and rare, so fanciful and curious, and yet so pure and good and earnest in their teachings.

His mission was not only to young people. Men and women in many lands wept and laughed over his stories and put them away in their memories, where they bore good fruit. Jesus Christ once said to his followers, that unless they became as little children they could not enter into the kingdom of heaven. By the wonderful power of his stories, Hans Christian Andersen drew around him thousands of grown-up people, and he made them all children at heart, and so helped them, we hope, to be better fit for heaven.

In a future number we shall have a long talk with you about Hans Christian Andersen.

ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please ask some of the subscribers of the ST. NICHOLAS to tell me, through the Letter-Box, how to make skeleton leaves, and how to preserve Autumn leaves and ferns?—Yours truly,

NELLIE R. BURT.

Nellie will find an answer to her first question in the Letter-Box of ST. NICHOLAS for July, 1875. Who will answer the second?

C. A. F.—Your account of the opossum's "playing dead" is very interesting and amusing; but you may not know that some insects are just as wise and often resort to the same trick. Many of the beetle tribe, or *coleoptera*, feign death when touched, and remain entirely motionless until left to themselves again, when they scamper off quickly enough. Naturalists tell us, too, that the little borer familiarly known as the "death-watch," will, when frightened, allow itself to be singed or drowned rather than make any sign of life. So the opossums are not the only creatures who endeavor to deceive their captors in this way.

A FRIEND of ST. NICHOLAS, now in Europe, writes: "On one of her trips, a steamer from New York to Liverpool ran into an iceberg. A piece as large as a small house, weighing twenty tons, was broken off and fell on the deck, crushing it in. The steward told me they cut it up and used the ice on the ship, and it was the clearest and freshest of ice, like fresh-water ice. Some of the ST. NICHOLAS children may be able to tell why salt-water ice is not salt."

C. H. WILLIAMS sends us the following novel statement of his exact age. Such a great desire for accuracy is certainly unusual. We only wonder that it did not suggest to our little correspondent the addition of a postscript, telling just how many of those numerous but valuable seconds he had spent in the calculation:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was 11 years old the 27th of March, 1875. I find that to-day (July 12th, 1875), I am 11 years 3 months 2 weeks 1 day 12 hours 17 minutes 4 seconds old. When ciphering up, I find I am 349,679,024 seconds old.

C. H. WILLIAMS.

CHARLIE BALDWIN writes that he has heard that some kinds of azaleas are poisonous, and asks if the report be true. There are azaleas which exude poisonous juices, though we do not know that any of them are found in this country. When Charlie is old enough to read Greek, he will find an account of a misfortune which once happened from this cause to a whole army. It is related by Xenophon, a celebrated Grecian general, and the leader of a famous march known as "the retreat of the ten thousand." He tells us that the Grecian soldiers, weak from hunger and constant marching, seized upon some honey which they chanced to find at a place upon the route, but that all who ate of it soon after fell to the ground dangerously poisoned. Xenophon, we believe, merely states the incident without trying to explain it. But some wise men of later times have united in ascribing the result to the bees having imbibed the juices of a poisonous species of azalea which grew in that region.

HERE is a letter that has come all the way from California to say a kind word for ST. NICHOLAS and add two names to its army of Bird-defenders. We are glad to hear from our Western friends, and are delighted to know that a hearty welcome awaits ST. NICHOLAS in a host of such far-away homes, whether scattered over the wide plains or nestled—like the homes of the snow-birds—among the mountain-crags:

Graniteville, California.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We sojourners, five thousand feet above the sea, are among the many that eagerly look forward to the arrival of ST. NICHOLAS.

The Flower verses in June number have been filled in by a little girl whose name is Amy Waters, and who is thirteen years old. She wishes her name put down as a Bird-defender. My little daughter, Lizette A. Fisher, who is six years old, also wants to be a Bird-defender, and to tell you that she, like H. H., has stumbled upon the Summer home of the snow-birds "high in the upper air."

A. B. FISHER.

Amy's answers were credited last month, and her name, with Lizette's, will be found among the Bird-defenders in another column.

THE picture about which "Little Nell" inquires appeared in ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1874, as an illustration to the article entitled "A Famous Garden."

ODE TO LOVE,

BY A LITTLE GIRL JUST RECOVERED FROM A SEVERE ILLNESS.

"Love me little, love me long,"
Love me surely, love me strong,
Ever faithful, ever free,
Let thy love encompass me.

While I sleep, and when awake,
Don't forget my ginger-cake;
Bake it nicely before the fire,
And let me eat it before I retire.

By doing this your love you'll show
(If the cake be frosted like beautiful snow),
And proving to me love's lurking still,
In the depths of a miserable calomel pill.

MORAL.

Now all my young friends listen,
While the tear in my eyes doth glisten,
Never trust love in the form of a cake,
But remember who fell by the words of a snake.

KATIE F. BILLINGS.

Verdi, July 9th, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have seen letters in the Letter-Box from almost all the States, but none from Nevada—so I thought I would write you one. I am eleven years old. I live on the Truckee River. I have two younger sisters. We live in the country, and there are a great many birds here; but we do not disturb them or their nests. In California, where I have been, they cover the fruit-trees with mosquito-bar, which is much better than killing the little birds.

CLARA L. COLDREN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to become one of your children of the Letter-Box. My name is Nellie, and I would like to tell you about my pets. I wanted a cat,—one of those kind they call Maltese,—but mamma thought as we were living in a hotel a cat would not do, so I had to give it up. My brother found in the creek a little cat-fish, and brought him home in a tin pail, and he was so nice, never giving any trouble, and just as cunning as he could be. He ran around after himself through the water, and had such fun blowing bubbles. He would come up to the top of the water, and you could hear him blow so softly, and the bubbles were so round and pretty. We used to give him a bath every morning, and he was so fresh and happy after it. Although he was very ugly, with his long black horns and big, wide mouth, we loved him. One night brother thought he would be happier in a glass jar, so that we could see him better; but the water was too heavy for his dear little body, and the next morning we found him dead in the bottom of the jar. His horns were quite stiff, and his big mouth shut up tight, and then I knew he would never blow bubbles any more. I give all my pieces

of crust and cake to the birds now. Is that right? I wish brother belonged to the Bird-defenders. He shot a beauty with brown and gold wings, for mamma to wear in her hat, and a squirrel with a lovely long gray tail. I am sorry for the squirrel, but I like to wear it in my fur cap—I mean the tail.—Believe me a true friend of St. NICHOLAS,
NELLIE SHERWOOD CHILDS.

"NIMPO" writes: "Do you think it fair to put down a baby's name for a Bird-defender? I am getting another list, and one boy says that he will not sign unless his baby-brother's name can be down too. But I don't think that is the only reason, for he wants to shoot prairie-chickens this Summer."

No, Nimpo, a baby's name would be an imposition on the army of Bird-defenders. We want only members who understand what they are promising to do.

Albert Lea, Minnesota.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: May I be allowed to write to you? I am not a subscriber, but a little boy in town who is one lets me take you after he is done with you. I do love you so, and if you will let me, I should like to have my name put down as a Bird-defender.

I have a question to ask, if I may. It is—Why does corn pop when put over the fire? I cannot understand it.

NORA ABBOTT.

We are glad, Nora, to hear from any of our young friends, whether subscribers or not, and also to welcome them as Bird-defenders.

The popping of corn is due to a kind of oil, lodged in little dots within the seeds. When heated, these drops expand and burst, bringing the contents of the grain to the surface by the explosion, which is the "popping." It is these little oil-dots, too, that make the kernels of pop-corn so hard and compact. Very few varieties of corn contain this oily structure, and such as do not cannot be made to pop.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Where do the swallows go when they leave Ireland?

F. DUNWOODY.

The swallows of Great Britain take their flight into Africa. In the Autumn, when the season of migration arrives, they cross the English Channel, and assemble with their companions from the different parts of the Continent on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. Here they often linger for some time, as if afraid to undertake so long a voyage through the air, which, indeed, proves frequently too long for many a poor tired wing among their number. The majority, however, cross safely, always flying in troops, and continuing their journey until they reach Senegal—their southern home—whence they return in the Spring to their old nests in the north.

TRANSLATIONS of the Latin story in the July number were received from Jennie Sinclair Neil, Lawrence Black, Jr., Reba Gregory, Julia D. Hunter, F. N. Palmer, John G. Jennings, D. R. Bishop, Lucy M. Sherwood, Beverly Caldwell, and Cyrus Lindley.

MARY O. G.— writes, telling how she protected a crow from the assault of a boy, who we hope knew no better, and asks if it is "wrong, as a Bird-defender, to take just one egg from a nest?" You deserve a captaincy, Mary, for your gallant defense of the bird, and we will be glad to enroll you as such: but are you not glad some one did not deprive you of the gratification of protecting that bird by taking just that one egg from the nest where he was hatched? Make up your company, Mary, and send in the names.

ANDY R. C.—St. NICHOLAS is decidedly opposed to robbing birds' nests merely to make a collection of eggs. If they are wanted for a purely scientific purpose, address "Ornithologist," Box 2477, Boston, Mass. A nice little bed of ferns, or a case of mosses, will give you more and pleasanter study, and living growth is better than dry shells to look upon.

MAMIE B.—We are sorry the blackbirds cannot agree with your favorite robins and other musical birds, but they are fully as useful in their way as the singers. In the Spring they hover in small flocks where the plow is going, and pick up great numbers of all sorts of grubs, worms, insects' eggs, &c., which would destroy plenty of corn and other vegetable growth for which the ground is being prepared. This is true of all of them, but especially the "great," "common," and "rusty" crow-blackbirds, and that handsome fellow with red

shoulder-straps, the "red-winged" starling. Then the cow-blackbird is a warm friend of the cattle, too, and they permit him to hunt his dinner on their backs. Study the habits of the blackbirds, and you will forget they are not singers.

E. S. AND A. M. F.—How to keep the cats away from the birds is a hard puzzle to answer. Mr. Haskins once said, "If I had a favorite cat, I would feed her until she would be too lazy to catch birds: and if some one else had a cat that misbehaved in that way—why, I'd rather save the birds than the cat. Owls and hawks catch more rats and mice than the cats."

BIRD-DEFENDERS.

Stratford, Conn., August 4th, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to join the army of Bird-defenders, and I send you the names of a few other boys who also wish to join. They are: Ross W. Weir, Willie B. Weir, Louis L. Barton, Jimmie B. Weir, Willie D. Mead, Charlie D. Mead, Harry M. Johnson, Tom H. Smith, John B. Vanderveer, Edward B. Vanderveer, Harry L. Vanderveer, Henry Bayard, Willie Bayard, Robert Bayard, Tunis S. Bergen, Geo. T. Bergen, Steve H. Angell, Willie A. Voorhis, Willie Marshall, Louis Emerson, Vernie Carroll, Adele Emerson, Lizzie E. Emerson, Samuel F. Emerson, I. J. Booth, Nattie H. Demarest, John F. Beers, Willie D. Mills, John Harris, Schemerhorn Halsted, Chas. Kurst, Frank Bennet, R. B. Moffat, Bainbridge Hinkley, John Obermier, Frank Slocum, Spencer Wycoff, Reed Moore, Ed. Moore, John Dolbeare, Jack Shearon, Michael McFlanagan, Charlie Grant, Ed. Smith, Louis Burritt, Chas. Brown, Ace Teft, Clarence Bedell, Sam Chauncey, Willie Willard, August Lopsaggeure, F. Spy, Ossey Wilson, J. Simpson, Robt. Halsted, Rol. Tayleure, Paul Tunison, Geo. Charles, Mark Hopkins, J. P. Ford, Willie Strong, Archibald Bird-sall, Dan Bridge, Dan McCabe, and Frank Lockwood.

Here are also a few Chinese boys, who, when I asked them if they would join the Bird-defenders, were very glad to do so. They came here on a visit to see those four Chinese boys whose names were mentioned in the St. NICHOLAS for August: Wong Kai Kah, L. Yung, Seung Tun Yen, W. Yang Tsang, Qwong Tong, Wong Set Pow, Chow Wan Pang, Chu Si Shu, Kee Yung, Tsao Mow Cheong, Wong Fung Hai, Tgai Gheu Chi, Yun Cheong Kwan, and Cheong Woo.—Yours truly,
WALTER B. EMERSON.

Jennie Oliver sends the following list: Bessie Roberts, Hattie Jones, Gertie Jones, Jennie Keys, Mollie King, Nellie Kelly, Lizzie Lindsay, Maggie Glendinning, Susie Teaff, Ella M. Cahill, Lizzie S. Irwin, Vina Sheets, Lizzie Evans, Sadie Reed, Laura Ferguson, Clare G. Hubert, Hattie Roberts, Lizzie Spaulding, Ellie Rowon, Mena Floto, Augusta Floto, Hetty Moreland, Anna Caffmon, Jane McClure, Ida Withroe, Cara Bansell, Emma Dowey, John C. Oliver, Campbell Oliver, James G. Oliver, Eddie Bond, Frank Pierce, Stanton McGinnis, George Keith, Husby Mooney, Charlie Hunt, Willie M. Layton, Chas. Dunbar, James Smith, Rea Cady, Willie Loomis, Charlie Swards, Charley Phool, Tat Jemison, Eddie Jemison, Anna Salmon, Nettie McClain, Ella Roberts, Sally Smithwait, Mary Johnson, Molly Moony, Rachel Moony, Minnie McKinley, Sally Bush, Emma Robinson, Kate Engle, Eva Cimeral, Ella Filson, Ida Stephens, Florence Myers, Cara Hubill, Lena Sturges, Effie Waldren, Aggie Brinkman, Mary Young, Ella Miller, Russ Jemison, Len Helms, and Tom Helms.

Geo. Cole sends the following names: Arthur Canon, Harry Vieland, Libbie Wilcox, Lucy Wilcox, Frank Wilcox, Sarah Howitt, Mary Howitt, George Sanderson, Ella Pond, Frank Tilton, Libbie Tilton, Mary Sorrel, Carrie Warren, Emily E. Hunter, Mary David, Cara Molow, Bert Fullerton, Harry Remington, Walter Remington, Sarah Remington, Josie Remington, George Graves, Harris Cook, Harry Williams, Edward Bush, Carrie Bush, Mary Bush, Ella Cary, George Trites, Kittie Owen, Fannie Sauer, Emily Royce, Frank Royce, Elmer Davison, Curtis Williamson, George Bruton, Herbert Beebe, John Andrews, Walter Gaylord, Frank Nelson, George L. Dell, Thomas Hunt, Frank Hunt, George Hunt, Samuel Hurlburd, Vinnie McCully, George Perry, Alice Perry, Frank Wing, Arthur Pendent, Frank Grover, Harry Harris, Frank Bruton, Ed. Griffin, E. Ford, S. R. Peters, Rob. Terry, Frank Newton, Tom Newe, T. O'Brien, L. S. Read, R. Read, Frank Thomas, and Ella Thomas.

Irene Barnes, of Greenville, R. I., sends this list, called "The Greenville Band": Jesse Mowry, Nelson Walcott, Henry Keech, Howard Southwick, Charlie Tobey, Ernest Kendall, Albert O. Smith,

Jenkie Smith, George Smith, Walter Smith, Allan Driscoll, Daniel Straight, Chester Walcott, Scott Barnes, Earle Winsor, Bertie Arnold, Walter Burlingame, Irving Mathewson, Clarence Mathewson, Albert Shaw, Joel Blanchard, George Cozzens, Robert Monkton, Herbert Mathewson, Frank Mathewson, Henry Mathewson, Willie Allen, Charlie Noonan, Willie Warfield, Nicholas Winsor, Nellie Steere, Maria Murphy, Julia Murphy, Mabel Smith, Emma Steere, Mattie Walcott, Edith Warfield, Flora Browne, Susie Davis, Mary Flint, Theresa Masterson, Eliza Foshay, Ida Foshay, Kate Tutty, Mena Fleischer, Henrietta Fleischer, Lottie G. Turner, Eva I. Tuffer, Lillie Turner, Harry Turner, Ella Connelly, Cecilia Spader, George Spader, Katie Morrisay, Kate Henne, Rosa Cassidy, Mary Cassidy, James Cassidy, Terrence Cassidy, Sarah A. Weeks, Jennie E. Dexter, Tillie Brennecke, Charlie Brennecke, Julia Wolfe, Louis Wolfe, George Smith, Mary Warren, Katie Gambling, Samuel Lawrence, Ida Lawrence, Eddie Torrence, Willie Torrence, Herbert Torrence, Carrie Fleischer, Mary Brooks, Dannie Brooks, Nellie Ogden, Geo. Ogden, Annie Carthy, Thomas Bougen, Harry Cornell, Mrs. E. Cornell, Mrs. S. A. Jones, Mrs. C. Spader, William C. Delanoy, Eddie P. Delanoy, Mamie Hannan, and Maggie Purcell.

Cora E. Jones, of Mamaroneck, N. Y., sends these names: Cora E. Jones, Minnie A. Jones, Ella C. Racer, Frank M. Spader, Charles V. Spader, Agnes A. O'Keefe, Emma C. Kane, Kittie E. Newcomb, Hattie Palmer, Anna Foshay, Ida Foshay, Kate Tutty, Mena Fleischer, Henrietta Fleischer, Lottie G. Turner, Eva I. Tuffer, Lillie Turner, Harry Turner, Ella Connelly, Cecilia Spader, George Spader, Katie Morrisay, Kate Henne, Rosa Cassidy, Mary Cassidy, James Cassidy, Terrence Cassidy, Sarah A. Weeks, Jennie E. Dexter, Tillie Brennecke, Charlie Brennecke, Julia Wolfe, Louis Wolfe, George Smith, Mary Warren, Katie Gambling, Samuel Lawrence, Ida Lawrence, Eddie Torrence, Willie Torrence, Herbert Torrence, Carrie Fleischer, Mary Brooks, Dannie Brooks, Nellie Ogden, Geo. Ogden, Annie Carthy, Thomas Bougen, Harry Cornell, Mrs. E. Cornell, Mrs. S. A. Jones, Mrs. C. Spader, William C. Delanoy, Eddie P. Delanoy, Mamie Hannan, and Maggie Purcell.

Alice G. Lucas sends this list: Fannie Hale, Mary Hardy, Evelyn Phelps, George Carter, Mary Lewis, Mattie Baker, Anna Lewis, Sadie Dunster, Hattie Collins, Nellie Smith, Harrie Barnes, Alice Lucas, Jennie Dye, Emma Hagen, Johnny Phelps, Ernest Johnson, Charlie Sturdevant, Freddie Sturdevant, Harrie Harretson, Ina Mereness, Charlie Dunster, Lilian Dunster, Francis Dunster, Georgie Barber, Hollis Johnson, May Butchers, Nina Collins, Linn Babcock, Johnnie Montrose, May Curtis, Cora Camp, Eddie Lewis, Mary Donnelly, Lizzie Lucas, Julia Lucas, Charlotte Hewitt, Elizabeth Coe, Eliza Coe, Alice Baker, and Julia Baker.

The following list also has been received: Nettie McCluskey, Edith Hastings, Dora Hastings, Herbert Hastings, Charlie Hastings, Harry Sanford, Percy Sanford, Olive Sanford, Bert Winwood, Clara Winwood, Florence Newell, Fred Newell, T. H. Keck, C. E. Whitehead, Gertrude Clifford, Lucy Meade, Hattie Meade, Jennie Cochran, John Cochran, Jr., Hope Upfold, Stella Barnes, Carrie Barnes, Laura Barnes, H. W. Carleton, Marie Bon Nèll, Carlé Bon Nèll, Ruth Chambers, John Baxter, E. K. Hogg, Meg Jasper, Joe Jasper, Marion I. Auburne, Meta Grafton, Bertha Grafton, Jennie Lee, Frank Leonard, Arthur Leonard, Clarence Linn, Arthur St. Claire, N. E. Griswold, Bernard Stanley, Rose Lind, and Etta Silverthorne.

Theresa Freund, of Cincinnati, O., sends this list: Mary Stephenson, Mary Nevin, Ella Riordan, Minna Winkler, Emma Kanslienn, Lizzie Eichert, Minna Weber, Mary Otte, Celia Clericus, Amelia Borckenhagen, Minna King, Anna Gilligan, Emma Mueller, Julia Pagenstechers, Martha Aufdenberge, Sarah Aufdenberge, Lena Corda, Rosa Bubbe, Henrietta Emigholz, Alvina Keidel, Emily Moessinger, Augustus Moothaus, Adam Sammet, William Reid, Herman Keck, Edward King, Louis Eberle, George Heitbrink, Edward Boettcher, Frank Theis, Frederic Bertram, Louis Bernet, Augustus Fucha, Wm. Machle, Wm. Behlendorf, Herman Jeutzen, Wm. Grodzicki, Joseph Nevin, Matthew Woodburn, Chas. Distler, Max Ahr, Arthur Andrea, John Drabing, and Charles Theis.

Laura Drayton, of Dysart, Iowa, sends this list: Laura Drayton, Mary Drayton, Emma Robison, Ida M. Howard, Clara A. Howard, Minnie A. Farnsworth, Ella Fike, Laura Fike, Caroline Fike, Rosa S. Knupp, Susie S. Knupp, Mrs. Hattie Clayton, Eva L. Drayton, Mrs. F. A. Drayton, Nellie Porter, Hattie Dickenson, Ola Wood, Mrs. B. V. Shumaker, Belle Magorian, Ella Magorian, Mary E. McMurry, Jasper Dodson, Noah Knupp, Charley Farnsworth, Willie J. Robinson, Ira G. Hileman, George C. Howard, Frank W. Fike, George Fike, Sammie Fike, F. H. Clayton, Orin Wood, F. Farnsworth, Bryant Dickenson, Frankie Shumaker, W. A. Drayton, Henry Magorian, Thomas Magorian, Pierce Travis, Harison Johnson, John Dempsey, and R. B. Meyers.

Charles E. Bush, of Lansing, Mich., sends this list: Chas. S. Barker, Willie Barker, Geo. Sprang, Fred Straight, John J. Bush, Jr., Percy Chapman, Julius Lederer, Willie Coleman, Earl Wood, Frank Jeune, Frank Warner, Heber Knott, Chas. Crane, J. Eddie Roe,

Carrie Bush, Nellie Porter, Frank Dart, Belle Dart, Carrie Boothroyed, Hattie Haze, Ada Fuller, Jennie Bunn, Carrie Osborn, Nancy Sanborn, Effie Longstreet, Carrie D. Pratt, Carrie F. Pratt, Carrie French, Ella Vanauken, Eva Hutchinson, Cara Wood, Hattie Bennett, Ida Case, Belle Sprang, Eliza Hinman, Lucy Cowles, Jennie Buck, May Dewey, Nellie Bertch, and E. E. West.

Ellen W. Locwell sends this list: Lucy Gillfillan, Hattie Gallup, Alfaretta Lamoree, Emma Gillfillan, Naomi Gillfillan, Frankie Gallup, Charley Burns, Lizzie Burns, Ella Kimball, Annie Kimball, Charlie Whipple, Albert Clarence, Laura Vantassel, Alice Ferguson, Norman Ferguson, Arthur C. Gillfillan, Katie Rottermann, Sarah Burns, Nettie Gallup, Ellen Gallup, Lina Stowell, Charlie Gillfillan, Norman Gillfillan, Augusta Whipple, Frank Rottermann, George Wilson, Fannie A. Stowell, Rebecca Stowell, Willie Cashen, Maggie McDonald, Mary McDonald, Katie Ward, Libbie Soboleski, and Tillie Lukehart.

Inez L. Porter sends the following names: Fanny Dony, Lena Sawyer, Ida Green, Mina Green, Augusta Bower, Eddie Bower, Fanny Porter, Albert Porter, Lina Green, Johnnie Green, Mary Brown, Agnes Brown, Ethel Ballon, Elsie Ballon, Clara Montgomery, Lena Montgomery, Mina Friend, Georgie Friend, Edith Friend, Sallie Friend, Ellen Starr, Kathie Starr, Eugene Starr, Hester Rossitur, Mary Rossitur, Edith Rossitur, Frances Groom, Agnes Groom, Susie Porter, Inez Porter, and Edgar Porter.

Ethel Ferguson, of Peoria, sends this list: Edna Gowan, Emma Gowan, Bernard Gowan, Nina Tall, Laura Tall, Edwin Tall, Simpson Tall, Nannie Sprague, Ollie Sprague, Catherine Sprague, George Smith, Laban Smith, Ellie Smith, Hiram Smith, Egbert Green, Charity Green, Mattie L. Green, Ruth Sozer, Emily Sozer, Jane Sozer, Jimmie Sozer, Lillie Sozer, Sallie Fisher, Harrie Fisher, Eugene Fisher, Hattie Fisher, Oliver Green, Robert Green, Alfred Green, Marie Green, Barbara Briggs, Anna Briggs, Julia Briggs, Julius Briggs, Isadora Brown, Isabel Brown, Horace Brown, Marie Brown, Ethel Ferguson, Blanche Ferguson, and Johnnie Ferguson.

Mary Leigh, of Newton, N. J., sends the following list: Grace Lain, Annie Priest, Mamie Swayze, Emma Woodruff, Laura Moore, Katie Moore, Stella Lee, Carrie Bunnell, Stella Smith, Kittie Rogers, Lillie Rudd, Fan Rundell, Jennie Lain, Alice Bunnell, Maude Priest, G. W. Keck, E. O. Dersheimer, Fred Nicholas, Frank Ingersoll, E. P. Snover, Victor Lecoq, W. O. Cheeseman, R. P. Crellin, Bert Burrell, Davie Couse, Sam Northrup, Sam Morford, Fred Tuttle, Louise Barrett, Lizzie J., Madge H., Annie V., Eloise V., Annie B., Eva L., Annie J., Arthur R., and Joe Clark.

Arthur Stuart Walcott, of N. Y. City, sends this list: Isabel Dazey Boynton, Eleanor V. Boynton, Theodore V. Boynton, Frederick C. Boynton, Charles E. Boynton, Chester C. Boynton, S. L. Boynton, L. B. Boynton, L. Bontelle, Bessie B. Norton, Edward Russell Norton, Jr., Thomas L. Thornell, E. W. Hamilton, E. P. Hamilton, Marion S. Hamilton, Henry A. Ferguson, B. S. Walcott, L. B. Walcott, Wm. C. Stone, Frederick H. Hamilton, Kate Davis, Ellen H. Smith, Lucius H. Smith, Wm. B. Smith, Sydney A. Smith, Sarah M. Pinckney, Annie Lawlor, Ellen Donovan, Mary Downey, J. L. Wakeford, Frank Wiseman, H. Pendleton, Eliza Pendleton, Henry G. Elliott, and Abby E. Cleveland.

Charles E. Howe sends this list: Samuel Smith, Albert Wilson, Thomas Edye, Harry Foote, Harry Fitch, Charles Schofield, David Hughes, Harry Cooke, William Carlile, Elmer Carlile, Edith Carlile, Clara Thompson, Fred Smith, Carrie Smith, Daisy Seymour, Alice Seymour, John Seymour, Arthur Spencer, A. E. Faber, Frank Miller, Lucy Miller, Harry Fulton, Samuel Haddox, George Friend, Fannie Moore, James Moore, John Moore, William Salmon, Hattie Stanton, Harry Lomare, Paul Ney, Frank Taylor, and Belle Eaton.

The following list has been received from Englewood, N. J.: Leula Wethered, Carrie Wethered, Mollie Wethered, Woodworth Wethered, Sissy Cooke, Nannie Homans, Bessie Homans, Sarah Homans, Fannie Blake, Charlotte Blake, Minnie Haring, Amelia Haring, Mattie Waddell, Mamie Waddell, Alice Buckley, Jennie Conner, Ella Bogert, Alice Sellick, Sallie Parramore, Lizzie Jones, Lucy Halstead, Abbie Nichols, Tiny Wetmore, Mary Chester, Bessie Fisher, Madgie Wall, Clara Smith, Clara Oakley, Mary Waterbury, Virginia Banks, Julia Lyman, Charlie Waterbury, Florence Brown, and Clara Durbin.

Ettie S. Trussell, of Chester, Ohio, sends this list: Ettie S. Trussell, Lillie F. Trussell, Emma K. Tresize, Ida B. Tresize, Lillie E. Robinson, Emma M. Robinson, Ella E. Folan, Nettie J. Folan, Amanda I. Robinson, Carrie Robinson, Mary F. Tresize, Minnie A. Wallace, Sarah J. Jeroleman, Hattie Myers, Mattie R. Morse, Ella

S. Larkins, Mary Meager, Barbara Meager, Harley P. Robinson, Osman Rickets, Wallie Trussell, Sherman Smith, Charlie Kimes, Eddie Kimes, Merril Rickets, Charlie Wallace, Dudley Smith, Wm. Moore, Wallie Morris, Thomas Jeroleman, and Willie Morse.

Hattie Boardman, of Old Fort, N. C., sends this list: Hattie Boardman, Nellie Boardman, J. H. Boardman, Elizabeth Boardman, F. E. Kennedy, R. A. McCoy, M. A. Pence, N. E. Cordell, R. H. Moore, Ellen Whitley, Eddie Whitley, Jimmie Whitley, Herbert Whitley, Willie Menzie, Sarah Kanupp, Sarah Menzie, Ellen Menzie, Kenna Menzie, Frank Curtis, Connie Curtis, Willie Sandlin, Joe Phipps, Henry Shiral, Andy Shiral, John Finch, Nancy Finch, Alsie Cordell, Annie Cordell, Amanda Godwin, and Bertha Haight.

Harry S. Thiers, of Orangeville Mills, Mich., sends these names: H. S. Thiers, Clara M. Snook, Clyde M. Clubine, Arthur N. Nevins, Frank G. Thiers, Willie Crans, Frank Hewitt, Hugh Phetteplace, Scott Phetteplace, Mattie E. Mattison, Josie L. Searles, Belle Crans, Charlie Phetteplace, Walter Beattie, Frankie Wilson, Alice H. Nichols, Adelia M. Saddler, Ella R. Flahaut, Charley England, Carrie Lamb, Bertha Van Volkenburg, Florence M. Wait, Rena A. Lamb, Curtis Brigham, Albert Nichols, and Allie Ford.

Shelbyville, Mo., sends us seven lists: (I.) From "Shelbyville Select School": A. Mütter Priest, Del Grogg, Judie Grogg, Eva Stuart, Alma Flack, Hattie Glover, Mattie Dunn, Cora Priest, Sarah Ritter, Harry M. Levan, Willie Grogg, Allie M. Ewing, Mary E. Priest, Ella F. Engle, Carrie Vance, Mary West, Fanny Marquette, Annie King, Ellen C. Parsons, Alfred L. Graves, Lucy Manville, Jennie Douglass, Arthur Levan, Bertie Manville, Hannah Stuart, Emily K. Manville, Maggie Levan, Tommie Priest, Fritz Manville, and Lillie Duncan.

(II.) Hattie Glover's list: C. W. Rust, Eliza A. Rust, Dora Engle, James Engle, Fannie Glover, Eliza Peck, W. H. Glover, Virginia Glover, Willie Glover, Albert Glover, and Nettie McDonald.

(III.) Eddie A. Burlingame's list: Alice J. Devin, Daisy E. Burlingame, Sarah S. Graves, Mrs. E. P. Burlingame, Alice Graves, Geo. L. Carley, E. P. Burlingame, Thomas P. White, John Riggs, Wm. T. McDaniel, Vernon L. Drain, Ethan Riney, O. P. Devin, and Georgie Burlingame.

(IV.) Maggie Levan's list: Perry Reynolds, Nelly Hughes, Sam Reynolds, Walter Tolle, Recter Tolle, Ernest Reynolds, Dora Tolle, and Frank Biglow.

(V.) Mary West's list: Sarah Hiter, James Hiter, Jennie Melson, Louisa Sullivan, Mary D. Devin, Della Dobbin, Kate Chick, Laura Collier, Sallie Gunby, Minnie Grey, Mary E. McLeod, and Laura Dobbin.

(VI.) Ella Engle's list: Dora Turner, Lizzie S. Engle, Susie M. McMurry, Fannie W. McMurry, Susan Sonner, Mollie Priest, Rettie Priest, Susie Priest, Elizabeth Engle, Dee Shackelford, Ida Shackelford, Marmaduke Hillias, Katie Shackelford, Virgil Shackelford, Mattie Dines, Sarah Harvey, Robert McMurry, Sammie McMurry, Hattie Irwin, Kittie Irwin, Leonard Copenhaver, and Susie Burrus.

(VII.) Fannie Marquette's list: Katie Miller, Albert Turner, Sallie Turner, Lucy Marquette, Robert Hall, Bell Copenhaver, Fannie Smith, Sallie Oakes, Charles Copenhaver, Lizzie Miller, Emma Turner, Florence Smith, and Dora Turner.

Lizzie Hurlburt, of Oberlin, O., sends this list: Lizzie Hurlburt, Mrs. F. J. Hurlburt, H. E. Cole, F. B. Hurlburt, Charlie E. Hurlburt, Harry S. Hurlburt, Carrie M. Smith, Howard Smith, Kittie Thomas, Angie Thomas, Flora Arnold, Frankie Arnold, Gertie Morse, E. R. Cole, Hattie Worcester, Carrie E. Hendry, Anna Fisher, Jessie Russel, Susie Wallace, Minnie Edwards, Etta Moore, Gussie W. Platt, Emma Hammer, Mary Hunter, Charlie Reeves, and Mamie Whitney.

Albert E. Leach, of Mt. Vernon, N. H., sends the following list: Johnnie Bruce, Georgie F. Averill, Chester B. Averill, Johnnie Upton, Georgie E. Hill, Bertie F. Conant, Gracie Conant, Lulie E. Trevitt, May V. Trevitt, Lillie M. Dodge, Martha A. Green, Bridget Reilly, Mary Bell McCollom, Mary Ryan, Mary Reilly, Tommie Reilly, George Pike, Willie Fox, Richmond Smith, Jessie Carson, Willie Ryan, Willard Conant, Eunice A. Fox, Emma A. Bruce, and Belle Smith.

Jessie L. McDermut, of Brooklyn, sends this list: Jessie L. McDermut, Katie Lyons, Sarah Tinslow, Harry Jones, Minna Foster, Jennie Jones, Effie L. Smith, Mettie Pinkham, Annie M. Sheehan, Ida Pierce, Lizzie E. Kelly, Edith Holliday, Lillie Fowler, Emma Van Ness, Minnie Ellis, Grace Tobey, Minnie Miller, May Henry, Lillie Barnett, Nellie E. Fellows, E. P. Ellis, Nettie Richardson, Stella Johnson, and Nellie Richardson.

Lily F. Conkey, of Chicago, sends her *fourth* list: Robert Collyer, Maria P. Brace, Rose S. Wright, Helen L. Fast, Mrs. J. J. Glessner, Laura T. R. Kett, Georgie Glessner, D. F. Fast, Harry F. Kett, Frank C. Fast, Amanda Van Syckle, Geo. N. Van Houten, J. W. Hambleton, Hattie A. Edwards, Mme. Elise Luneau, I. U. Kirtland, Mamie Ely, Hattie Ely, Grace L. Whitehead, Clara Johnson, and Nellie Wright.

Hattie E. Woodward, of Big Flats, N. Y., sends this list: Mary L. Scofield, Jennie L. Lovell, Minnie Lovell, Hattie Johnson, Maggie Gildea, Mary Gildea, Altha G. Wormley, Bertha L. Wormley, Sarah M. Wormley, Celia Lucy, Lucy Lovell, Ella E. Peebles, Clara L. Scofield, Addie McNulty, Louisa McNulty, Katie Tift, Harris Bradshaw, Ella M. H. Van Gorder, Anna Ryan, Hattie E. Woodward.

From Jacob R. Smith, of Philadelphia, this list: Quita G. Barrett, Freddie J. Barrett, Eliza A. Kane, Kate Flumerfelt, Eliza J. Magee, Annie Simpson, Kate Green, Nellie Barrett, Laura Price, Susie Price, Annie Barrett, Irene M. Smith, May Barnes, Frank G. Holbrook, Ed. Holbrook, George R. Magee, D. Jones, Lizzie Smith, William Rowen, and Jacob R. Smith.

George Scrogin, of Nicholasville, Ky., sends the following list: Willy Clemonds, B. P. Campbell, Richard Curd, John Bronaugh, James Dorman, Betty Dorman, Frank Daniel, Florence Hutchinson, George Jelf, William Lear, James Lear, Wm. Scott, Clayton Smith, Mattie Smith, Mary Spilman, Waldern Smith, Charley Glass, Mattie Wallace, Herbert Scrogin, and Geo. Scrogin.

Maud Williams and Nellie Hamilton, of Hampton Beach, send this list: Jessie T. Swinburne, Annie J. Rogers, Amy Estcourt, Josie L. Moore, Lilian J. T. Allen, Fannie King, Sadie Snow, Minnie Lee, Kittie M. G. Darling, Belle R. Home, George T. Lewis, Ebenezer Clark, Edward S. Thompson, Ephraim Lansing, Peter Berry, Geo. T. S. De Forest, James Benjamin, and Sammy Smith.

"A Mother" in Rome, Ga., sends this list: Grace Panchen, Bessie Panchen, Ruth Norton, Marion Bones, Clyde Leland, Stockton Axson, Ernest West, Charlie West, Hattie Cleveland, Johnny Fain, Charlie Nagle, Eddie Colclough, Willie Terhune, Eddie Frost, Arthur Frost, Emma Green, Mamie Fain, and Flora Fain.

Mary C. Hutz, of Chambersburg, sends this list: Mary C. Hutz, Ida B. Hamsher, Willie E. Hamsher, Andrew Stepler, Charlie Budd, Annie R. Budd, James Hamilton, Sam Hamilton, Maggie Snyder, John Snyder, Martin Snyder, Kate Snyder, Annie Miller, Fannie Shatzley, Kate Fahnestack, Hattie Ashway, and Kate Ashway.

This list is from Belle Northrop, of Center Brook, Conn.: Lizzie S. Tillett, Mary L. Tillett, Annie C. Tillett, Hattie E. Hyde, Fannie R. Hyde, Abbie G. Wilcox, Emily Wright, Maria Blake, Carrie Gladding, Esther Champlin, Jessie Chapman, Annie Chapman, Alice Gladding, Minnie Plumber, Lena Knowles, Delfie Clark, and Belle Northrop.

Arthur E. Smith, of Union, N. Y., sends this list: Arthur E. Smith, William F. West, Austin B. Whittemore, Ernest E. Smith, Clair M. Mersereau, Herbert C. Guy, Clarence A. Hagadorn, J. Louis Knapp, Irvin S. Barton, Wm. S. Mersereau, Edgar J. Mersereau, Samuel J. Mason, Eddie K. Mersereau, Bertie C. Newell, S. Mack Smith, C. Oliver, and John D. Smith.

Susie A. Murray, of New York, sends this list: Susie A. Murray, Maggie Daly, Mary Osborn, John Martin, Frank Wheeler, Edna Wheeler, Martin Wheeler, Cora Wheeler, Tillie Rothschild, Ida Rothschild, Nina Henriques, Mary S. Murray, Tillie H. Murray, K. I. Murray, Sadie Cox, and Peter Cox.

Anna R. Prouty, of Chelsea, Mass., sends this list: Anna R. Prouty, Jennie Townsend, Hattie Ramsdale, Carrie Chansenbaker, Etta S. Brooke, Hattie Knight, Grace Wilson, May Crooks, Dollie Curry, Flossie Tenney, Bridget Ryan, Katie Kent, and Willie Adams.

Walter N. P. Darrow, of Yorktown, N. Y., sends this list: John Gaughran, William Kear, Edward Kear, Thomas Phillips, George Sweeney, William Churchill, John Churchill, Walter N. P. Darrow, Wm. Coffey, Geo. Dekay, and Orin Smith.

Lizzie Gover, of Baltimore, sends these names: Lizzie Gover, Rosa Swain, Gussie Carter, Lizzie Gardner, Herbert Gardner, Tommy Perkins, Mamie Gover, Lucy Harding, Lizzie Hull, Nannie Walker, Mary Young, and E. Hews.

W. J. Eldridge, of Philadelphia, sends this list: Clinton J. Trout, Jr., Jennie S. Trout, May Fox, Horace Fox, Blanche E. Dexter, Henri Leone Dexter, Mary E. Supplee, Charlie Supplee, M. Myers, H. Homer Dalby, Lavinia E. Giles, Henry Giles, and Philip H. Rosenbach.

Helen E. Brown, of New York City, sends this list: Emma J. Bonner, Mamie Bonner, Carrie T. Burkam, Julia D. Brown, Issie D.

Brown, Orie D. Brown, Ethel D. Brown, Sarah J. Cobb, Ed. H. D. Brown, Robert I. Brown, Jr., and Helen E. Brown.

Lizzie Higgins, of Wolfville, sends this list: Ida Jones, Edna Gilmore, Allie Fitch, May Elder, Lena Freeman, Ernest Freeman, Kate Enning, Walter Higgins, Mockett Higgins, and Frank Higgins.

M. and S. Harvey, of Chicago, send this list: Margaret Harvey, Emma McLean, Maud Barnett, Julia Dickson, Lorena Morrell, Nellie Barnett, Milly Harvey, Lulu Fuller, James Harvey, Margaret Agnes Harvey, John Harvey, and Stuart Harvey.

Lillie V. Ladd, of Plymouth, N. H., sends this list: Renie Ladd, Maud Whitter, Hattie Chase, Katie Smith, Freddie Smith, Harry Blake, Laura Connel, Eva Blaisdel, Lillie Chase, Nettie Armstrong, and Lillie Ladd.

From J. D. Grant, of Newark, Ohio, this list: J. D. Grant, J. A. Grant, Eddie Grant, Frankie Kibler, Davie Cordray, Frankie Martin, Jessie Giffen, Hattie Evans, Willard Moul, and Eddie Wolring.

Nellie B. Wright, of Portville, sends this list: Nellie B. Wright, Mary D. Bartlett, Kate Bartlett, Nettie Ann Scofield, Belle Colwell, Frank H. Wright, Libbie Weston, Charlie B. Bennie, Kate Magavise, Frank Bartlett, and Wallie Weston.

Eva Elderkin, of Pueblo, Colorado, sends this list: Curtis Ellis, Johnnie Ellis, Annie Elderkin, Katie Stout, Lily Stanchfield, Anna Jenkins, Louis Brown, Addie Brown, Fred Bateman, Warry Weaver, and Eva Elderkin.

R. T. French, of Brooklyn, sends these names: R. T. French, Jr., Charles Hubbell, Horace Chichester, Otto Van Campen, E. Chapman, Frank Knapp, Frank French, James Reilly, and Frank Reilly.

John G. Jack sends these names of members of a "Bird-defending family": John G. Jack, May Jack, Annie Jack, Mary Jack, Willie Jack, Jamie Jack, Stanton Jack, Norman Jack, and Hope Jack.

Horace Wylie, of Washington, sends this list: Horace Wylie, Andrew Wylie, Mary Caroline Wylie, Mary Thomas Bryan, Lithea Winston, Jas. Burke, Mary Burke, Frank Duncan, Martha Stewart, and Ada Chinn.

Herbert G. Nichols, of Brooklyn, sends this list: Herbert G. Nichols, Frank Terry, Eddie Ray, James Moore, Helen Paul, Mirabel Ray, Paul R. Nichols, Eva K. Terry, Minnie C. Nichols, and Frank L. Nichols.

Madeline Palmer, of Catskill, N. Y., sends these names: Helen Gavit, Anna M. Jenkins, Harry Jenkins, Fannie Gavit, Attie Gavit, Isabelle Fassett, Fred Fassett, Jennie Gilbert, and Anna Gilbert.

James B. Cox, of Middletown, N. Y., sends this list: John Collins, Frank Low, Theodore Cox, Willie Friend, Allie Munce, Jessie Cox, Anna Gummerson, and Janie Munce.

Rosie Draper, of Washington, D. C., sends this list: Carrie Wills, David Wills, Priscilla Reed, Maude Draper, Rosie Moore, Edgar Mahan, John Moore, and Hattie Lusk.

Mary L. Davis, of Lexington, Ky., sends these names: Mary L. Davis, Emma Farnau, John Gunn, Robt. T. Gunn, Mary D. Gunn, Fannie A. Gunn, Allie R. Hunt, and Katie Hunt.

Katy S. Billings, of New York, sends this list: Katy F. Billings, Georgie Alley, D. M. Stimson, M. L. Roberts, Abram Wakeman, Katie W. Price, and Martha Evans.

Washington, D. C., sends this list: Willie Chandlee, Eddie Chandlee, May W. R. Chandlee, Kitty A. Loomis, Mamie C. P. Chapman, Jessie Randall, and Grace Chandlee.

Willie Corson, of Hartford, Conn., sends this list: Daisy Corson, Mary Brainard, Charlie Brainard, Hatty Day, Kate Fellowes, Anna Day, and Willie Corson.

Thomas Hunt sends a list as follows: Allen Cammack, Emanuel Patterson, Cornelia Gilson, Charlie Gaines, Morrison Rea, Margaret McCooey, and Thomas Hunt.

Charles G. Moon, of Montrose, sends this list: Charles G. Moon, Willie J. Moon, Alfred Moon, Nellie A. Moon, May Moon, and Edwin Moon.

"Pearl," of Chicago, sends this list: Belle Hollister, Louise Kellogg, Emma Flagle, Jennie Eastman, Annie Eastman, and Gertie Eastman.

Annie Holden, of Batavia, sends this list: Fred Worthington, Ned Smith, Hattie Holden, Annie Russell, Georgie Holden, and Annie Holden.

Newton, Mass., sends this list: Winnie H. Burr, Frank Potter, Bertie Brackett, Fred W. Emerson, Willie O. Edmonds, and Willie O. Underwood.

Edward Markell, of Lutherville, sends a list as follows: Edward Markell, Alice Markell, Jennie H. Markell, Montgomery B. Corkran, Charles E. Corkran, and Frank Terry.

W. A. Farnsworth, of East Saginaw, Mich., sends this list: Fred Bridgeman, Geo. Glynn, Sheldon Lee, and Sarah Lee.

"Olive," of Hastings, N. Y., sends these names: Bertha Blanchard, Johnnie Blanchard, Marie Blanchard, Kate Conklyn, and Mary Hagerty.

Charlie W. Balestier, of Brattleboro, Vt., sends this list: Mrs. J. N. Thorn, Mrs. A. T. Balestier, Frank A. Thorn, Miss N. J. Bullock, B. Fitzgerald, Laura Richards, Minnie Spencer, and Laura Lucas.

Fred C. Morehouse, of Milwaukee, Wis., sends this list: Fred C. Morehouse, Lizzie P. Morehouse, Howard L. Morehouse, Jennie L. Morehouse, and Mary L. Morehouse.

Emma K. Armstrong, of Salem, Va., sends this list: Mary Ferguson, Mattie Ferguson, Nettie Stafford, Fannie Armstrong, and Emma K. Armstrong.

Here is a list from Newton, Mass.: Freddie W. Emerson, Winnie M. Burr, Willie O. Edmonds, Bertie Brackett, Frankie Potter, and Willie Underwood.

Maud King sends this list: Annie Hobson, Lizzie Surette, Eva Gay, Hattie Gay, Helen Geer, Mary Keyes, Eddie Surette, Eddie Barrett, Mary Mitchell, and Maud King.

Augusta L. De Vinne, of Linden, sends this list: Lizzie S. Winans, Emma J. Hackett, Mamie L. Winans, Amy M. Wood, Emma T. Ormandy, Rebecca J. Shamp, Lillie Shamp, and Eddie E. De Vinne. May McDougall sends these names: Charlie S. Raymond, Annie Carter, F. N. West, Clara Yale, Nellie Eastman, May McDougall.

Olive Wilcoxon, of Richmond, Ind., sends this list: Alice Towle, Fanny Crawford, Miltie Overman, Elmer Towle, and O. Wilcoxon. Clara L. Coldren, of Verdi, Nevada, sends this list: Clara L. Coldren, Helen F. Coldren, and Ettie L. Coldren.

Brookville, Pa., sends this list: Frances Rodgers, Kate Rodgers, Alfred Rodgers, Mary Rodgers, and Mrs. Rodgers.

Other lists have been received as follows:

Kittie E. Lewis, Mattie Lewis, Mary Lewis, and Margaret Lewis. Walter McDonald, Dick Durgin, Eddie Filkins, and Eddie Durgin. Linda Bergin, Mamie Moore, Daisy Hunt, and Fannie Hunt.

Charlie Willard, John Bates, Evie Styles, and Frank Troup. Mrs. Annie Dalmas, Carrie Dalmas, Nannie Dalmas, and Philip Dalmas.

E. Grant Keen, Florence Sheeler, Emily Keen, and Lillie M. Keen. F. J. Kellogg, M. C. Buck, and Villa Kellogg.

Inez Simms, Willie C. Houghton, and Herbie R. Houghton. Eddie Field, Josie Field, and Lottie Field.

Maggie T. Jakes, Sadie C. Barnard, and Maggie Barnard.

Cynthia Murdock, Lizzie Smith, and Alice Murdock.

Bennie P. Holbrook, Fred L. Sweetser, and Charlie E. Holbrook.

Addie Soliss, Johnnie Soliss, and Daisy Soliss.

Benny S. Cooke, Clement Cooke, and Hannah M. Cooke.

Charlie W. Pittenger, Fred Pittenger, and Annie M. Pittenger.

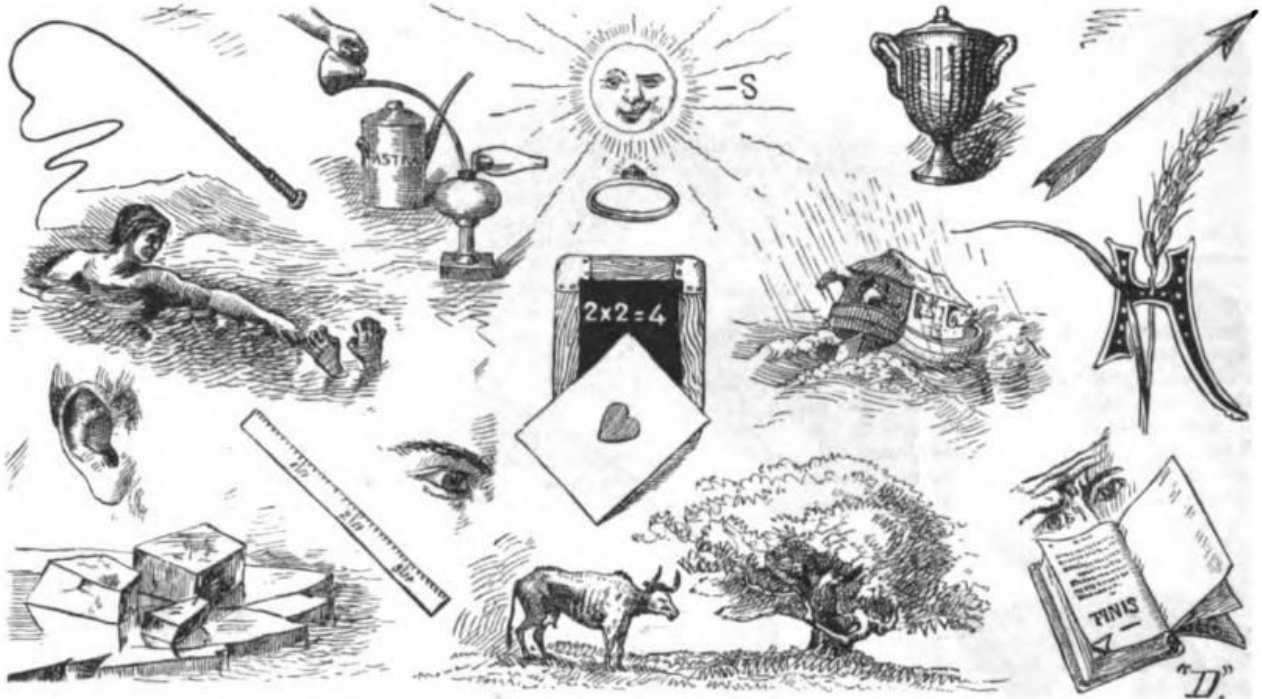
Ellie S. Fannin, Ernst A. Fannin, and O. Porter Fannin, Jr.

Besides the above, the following names have been received: Wm. H. Hotchkiss, Walter B. Hotchkiss, Winnie Howells, Johnnie Howells, Frank Tatum, Willie Tatum, Belle A. Sites, Leslie H. Ingham, Tommie Napier, Johnnie Napier, Georgiana P. Hays, Helen A. Hays, C. Burr Grinstead, W. Stanley Grinstead, Francis B. Sanborn, V. C. Sanborn, Fay Granberry, Ella Granberry, Lizzie Wallace, Willie Wallace, J. Lauriston, Willie C. Stone, Annie Robinson, Willie Robinson, Alfred Wallace, Mary F. Wallace, Minnie Gould, Orin B. Gould, Thomas Hunt, Edward Livingston Hunt, Rosalie M. Bemis, Ida A. Bemis, Harry H. M. Johnson, Duncan S. Merwin, Susie R. Duryee, Clifford H. Holcombe, Mattie Sever, Annie F. Mills, James N. Ballantine, Nellie Croul, Ransom L. Maynard, Louisa P. Morgan, H. F. J. Hockenberger, Elmer Willison, Howard Knewels, Mary S. Turnure, Thomas R. Harris, Mollie Brounson, Helena W. Chamberlain, Mary S. Beauvais, Nellie C. Beckwith, Mary C. Eastman, George O. Brott, Louis M. Sawdon, Heywood Cuthbert, Johnny Baker, Charles H. Chapman, Willie A. Lewis, Gracie Bigelow, Ollie Godfrey, Jennie Durr, Joseph Evan Detwiler, Richard Aldrich, Josie R. Ingalls, Jennie Willard, E. Lucky Williams, Neville Castle, Frederic R. King, Edward A. Williams, Lizette H. Fisher, Amy Waters, Arthur D. Cross, William H. Atkinson, Robert W. Atkinson, Lida A. Clark, Jimmie Crowell, Ella Crowell, Helen Wilson, Julian Wilson, Gilbert Wilson, Edith L. Strays, Mamie Barria, Julia Perry, Bessie F. Hooper, Mary Kuhn, Addie Kuhn, Edmund S. Smith, Francis H. Smith, Walstein G. Smith, Calvin Cicero Littlejohn, Margaret H. Wyman, Jeanie Dwight, Theodore Dwight, Georgie Maxwell, Nellie De Rhodes, and Hattie C. D. De Rhodes.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

PREFIX PUZZLE.

(With a certain prefix of two letters make a word of each of these designs.)



DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials form the name of a famous story-teller, and the finals those whom he loved. 1. An Eastern language. 2. A noted Bible character. 3. A city of India. 4. The opposite of good. 5. A king of England. 6. A precious metal. 7. A part of the day. 8. A famous conqueror.

L. W. H.

EASY CROSS-WORD.

MY first is in May, but not in June;
My second is in air, but not in tune;
My third is in bun, but not in cake;
My fourth is in sleep, and also in wake;
My fifth is in wild, but not in tame;
My whole, you will find, is a little girl's name.

M.

TRANSMUTATIONS.

1. WHEN a letter stands opposite any object, it destroys something. 2. A letter by cooking raises a quarrel. 3. Military officers appear when a letter appends its name to a document. 4. Give a letter a certain rank and it becomes consolidated. 5. Attach a letter to part of a ship, and it becomes part of the body. 6. When a letter imitates an animal, it is preparing to travel. 7. A letter when a sailor, becomes a disease. 8. When a letter is more certain, it will be a miser. 9. Sometimes a letter forms parts of speech by being mischievous. 10. When a letter chastises, pleasure carriages abound.

RUTH.

PYRAMID PUZZLE.

MY left slope was a transformed king, who upheld the heavens. My right is a stone. My center, exhalations. My first, a vowel. My second, a steam-vessel. My third, an undeveloped insect. My fourth, a vegetable coloring matter. My fifth, a kind of stone. J. B.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. I AM glad that — was left in the —. 2. I will — that bird if it — near me. 3. I — his opinion about the —. 4. Thy Russian leather called — has a — smell. 5. The fracture was — the —. 6. — are taken from a bird, but a — is an animal. 7. You have trained that — in an — manner. 8. Will they — the decree when they — its hidden meaning.

RUTH.

REVERSALS.

1. A WORD meaning to come together; reverse, and find to abound. 2. To boast; reverse, and find clothing. 3. Winged animals; reverse, and find to stick with a knife. 4. A timid animal; reverse, and find a marsh plant. 5. A blot; reverse, and find lids. 6. Kitchen utensils; reverse, and find a garden vegetable. 7. A vovage; reverse, and find frisky.

C. C.

SQUARE-WORD.

MY first is sought beneath the sea,
An ornament for you or me;
On some high cliff or towering tree,
My next the hunter bold may see;
My third, the rose to you will give,
Long as its blushing petals live;
My fourth, each little twig may be,
When frost has silvered shrub and tree;
My fifth serves, in the printer's art,
To keep the crowded lines apart.

B.

HIDDEN COUNTRIES.

1. RICH I lived, but poor I die. 2. The ape runs up the tree. 3. Put a hat on your head, or you will take cold. 4. Such I named it, at any rate. 5. Yes, hide it, papa, lest I never cease to look at it. M.W. and T. S.

PICTORIAL ENIGMA.

(The central picture indicates the whole word from the letters of which the words represented by the other designs are to be formed.)



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

EASY METAGRAM.—Sot, cot, Lot, rot, not, hot, dot, jot
BEHEADED RHYMES.—Start, tart, art—Plate, late, ate.
RIDDLE.—Kingfisher. 1. Fish. 2. Shiner. 3. Fin. 4. Fresh. 5.
Keg. 6. Knife. 7. Fries. 8. Fire. 9. Fisher. 10. Sinker.
TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Tailor. 2. Dentist. 3. Doctor. 4. Milliner.
5. Drug-store. 6. Groceries. 7. Post-office. 8. Cash-store. 9. Dry-
goods.

ENIGMA.—Alfred Tennyson.

CHARADE, No. 1.—Indian Turnip (Jack-in-the-Pulpit)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—America, England.

A —ppl— E
M —a— N
E —ndin— G
R —aphae— L
I —ow— A
C —anaa— N
A —n— D

REBUS.—

"He showed a tent
A stone-shot off; we entered in, and there,
Among piled arms and rough accouterments,
Pitiful sight, wrapt in a soldier's cloak,
Like some sweet sculpture draped from head to foot,
And pushed by rude hands from its pedestal."

CHARADE, No. 2.—Together.

WORD-SQUARE.

DAISY
AROMA
IONIC
SMITH
YACHT

ELLIPSES.—1. Florence. 2. Olive. 3. Anna. 4. Laura. 5. Rose.
6. Abigail. 7. Persis. 8. Sally. 9. Eugenia. 10. Viola. 11. Sibyl.
12. Grace. 13. Victoria.

DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.

S
LAR
MATED
TITULAR
CAMERATED
PIRATED
CATES
LED
D

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Bird-defenders.

HIDDEN SQUARE.—

HOME
OPAL
MAIL
ELLA

ARCHITECTURAL PUZZLE.—Catherine-wheel window. 1. Lancet
window. 2. Arch. 3. Niche. 4. Tower. 5. Arcade.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN AUGUST NUMBER were received, previous to August 18, from George W. Broun, Clinton B. Poe, Grace C., Florence E. Hyde, Alice M. Hyde, Harry Nyce, Mary C. Goodwin, Arnold Guyot Cameron, Mary J. Tilghman, Charley Gartrell, Louise M., Rosie Draper, Nettie E. Stevens, Laurens T. Postell, T. F. Sykes, Olin Boggess, Katie G. Bolster, Jennie S. Leh, Clement A. Walker, Jr., Charlie B. Bennett, A. F. S., Allie H. Smith, Mary E. Chandlee, "E. and F.", Ida Christiancy, Clelia D. Mosher, Marcia A. Lampher, "A Clover Blossom," Nathaniel Haven, C. W. Coleman, Willie L. Young, Mary C. Foster, "5-11," Helen Reese, Robt. M. Reese, "Little Bird," J. P. Gilchrist, Carrie Simpson, "Little Nell," Charlie W. Balesner, Nellie S. Smith, Edith L. Shays, Nellie B. Wright, Kitty A. Loomis, Eugene L. Lockwood, "Olive," Cynthia Murdock, "Puck and Pansy," W. H. Rowe, "Bowie," Jesse R. Lerch, Wm. H. Healy, "Nimpo," M. H. Rochester, "Ovid," Leila Delano, Charley W. Rice, Rachel Hutchins, Alice W. Ques, Susie A. Murray, E. S. M. and R. B. M., Lizzie Merrill, Eta B. Singleton, Charles H. Delanoy, Perlee and Isabel Rieman, Frank H. Belknap, Russell Fearon, Ernest Wilmarth, Hattie D. C. De Rhodes, and Julia D. Hunter.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A NEW VOLUME OF ST. NICHOLAS!

Now this very morning I heard the pretty school-mistress speak of thunder as a "volume of sound," and a few moments afterward she remarked that the new volume of ST. NICHOLAS would be, in many ways, the most fascinating and wonderful that had yet been issued. So, my children, if a volume of sound is thunder, you may well imagine that a third volume of ST. NICHOLAS will be something tremendous. How is your Jack to make himself heard in all the delightful commotion, I wonder?

That reminds me: Am I a real Jack-in-the-Pulpit? you have asked—a true plant, growing and preaching out in the sunshine? Well, perhaps no. Perhaps yes. This much is certain: I *do* live in the sunshine; I *do* try to grow; and I *do* love to talk to the boys and girls of ST. NICHOLAS—to open their eyes and their minds by pointing out all sorts of queer truths here, there, and yonder—and to put into their hearts grateful, loving thoughts toward the Giver of all good.

So, my darlings, if you're satisfied with this explanation, I am. Now we'll talk about

PROLONGING LIFE.

"It can't be done," said Deacon Green, in Jack's hearing, one morning. "There is n't a man living, doctor or no doctor, who can prolong his life for a single day. The most that can be done is not to shorten it! Let 'em look out not to do that, sir! Let every man, woman and child take care not to do anything to shorten life, and their days will lengthen out, in God's good providence—hearty, happy days, and just as many of 'em as is right and possible."

Deacon Green always hits the nail on the head, I'm told,—though, never having seen him when

he's hammering, I can't speak from any positive knowledge. But he's a right, smart good man, I'm sure, and knows what he's talking about. He is a new-comer in my neighborhood, and he lives in the red cottage across the road from the school-house, a little toward the west. If I hear him say anything more, I'll let you know.

JACK MAKES AN OFFER.

Now, my chicks, I warn you that I'm about to tell you an absurd story—"just for larks," some of you would say; but I don't say it, for I have n't the slightest idea of amusing the larks at this moment. Now listen sharply:

"One day a brown thrush was resting on top of a post-and-rail fence, enjoying the cool morning air. Pretty soon a crow came hopping along the same fence, and the thrush quickly flew away. A beautiful pigeon, that was calmly hopping about in a neighboring door-yard, picking up crumbs, did not see the crow, or he, too, would have hastened to take his departure.

"Not so with a busy little sparrow in a maple tree on the other side of the field. He, too, saw the crow, but not being in the least afraid, he soon sought the cool grass at the maple's roots, and walked about as unconcerned as possible. Soon he was joined by a fine young robin, and, strange to say, the crow, after eying them curiously for a moment as they walked about together, soared into the air and was seen no more."

A simple story enough, is n't it? And yet there are four mistakes of fact in it—mistakes which almost any really observing boy or girl should be able to detect at once. What are they? No grammarians or spelling-matches need apply. This, as I have said, is simply a question of fact. The first boy or girl who writes me a letter (in care of Editor of ST. NICHOLAS), correctly pointing out my four mistakes, shall have a book—yes, the pretty schoolma'am shall send that clever chick a book as wise and pretty as herself!

THE AUTHOR OF 'ALICE IN WONDERLAND.'

Two little girls sat in my meadow the other day, reading "Alice in Wonderland." And how they laughed! It must be a very funny book, thought I, and its author must be a jolly, rollicksome sort of fellow. One of the little girls had just told the other that he was an Englishman who had been called Lewis Carroll, but that nobody knew his real name. Now, as I'd seen Englishmen before, I could see this one in my mind's eye very clearly. Yes, there he stood, plain as day (though he was n't there at all, you understand), a great, florid, jolly, portly Englishman, with plaid trousers, and red side-whiskers—Mr. Anonymous Carroll, author of "Alice in Wonderland."

But dear, dear! how mistaken one can be! In less than ten minutes, and while the little girls still sat reading and laughing, the pretty schoolma'am came along. Both children jumped up eagerly—

She had once visited England. Had she ever seen the author of "Alice in Wonderland"? they asked.

"Oh, yes, indeed."

"Oh, do, do tell us all about him!" cried the little girls in a breath.

"I can't quite do that," said the pretty school-ma'am, laughing, "but I can tell you a little. His name is Dodgson—Rev. Charles Ludwig Dodgson. He is a youngish-looking man, with a very pleasant, earnest face, and a kind, gentle voice. He is rather small and thin, and so shy and modest that if his own Alice had met him in Wonderland, she would have said, in her simple way: 'Oh, don't stay here, sir; everything and everybody are so very strange that you'll be quite uncomfortable. You won't understand them at all, sir, I'm sure you won't.'"

EARLY BIRDS.

THERE'S an early morning song, I'm told, that belongs especially to cities and factory-towns. It is not a bird song exactly, but it is high and shrill and early birds with tools and aprons and kettles gather at its call. They are not yellow birds, nor blue birds, these early ones,—they have grimy faces and hard hands,—but they are strong and cheery, knowing well enough that fine feathers don't always make fine birds.

Have ever you heard this morning song? And do you not honor the early birds who flock at its call, and do so much of the world's work?

LIVE POTATO-BUGS WASHED IN BY THE SEA.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Let me tell you of a wonderful thing. Yesterday some ladies and gentlemen went to Rockaway, on the shores of Long Island. They took me with them, because one of the ladies was my aunt.

We enjoyed it very much. It was great fun to see the big waves come rolling up the beach, but the most astonishing thing was to see great quantities of potato-bugs all in a broad line along the beach, just as they had been washed in by the sea. They were alive, and as we took up great handfuls of them, we had very good evidence of the fact, though potato-bugs are not as lively as crickets. One of the gentlemen of our party is called an agriculturist, and he cultivates a large farm. He said they certainly were potato-bugs. I can't tell you how many thousands of them we saw. I picked some up myself from the top of the water. The agriculturist said he had read many accounts of dead potato-bugs lately being found on the sea-shore; but these were alive. Water did n't even seem to wet them.

Now, dear Mr. Jack, I'd like to know if any other of your boys have seen a sight just like this.—Your affectionate friend,
Newark, August 25th, 1875.

HIRAM G—.

FORBIDDEN LEAVES.

A KIND, good soul, who evidently has your interest at heart, sends a letter, my chicks, which she begs me to give you, so here it is. You should have seen it earlier, but as this number of ST. NICHOLAS will appear about the 20th of October, many of you may yet profit by its good advice:

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: Every year I hear of somebody who is dreadfully poisoned while gathering the beautiful Autumn leaves. Let me tell you, then, how to avoid this danger. You may gather the long, pointed, serrate (or saw-edged) leaves of the sumach that has velvety-hairy stalks, and great bunches of purple-black berries sour to the taste. The berries are used by country people sometimes for making a dye for woolen cloth or yarn. The leaves of this sumach are very handsome, and it is perfectly harmless.

But you must not touch or go near (since its very effluvia is dan-

gerous) the poison sumach, or dogwood, though its leaves are far more brilliant in scarlet and yellow than those of the harmless kind that they so closely resemble. You may know it by its loose clusters of yellowish-white fruit. It generally grows in swampy grounds, while the harmless sumach is oftenest found on rich hill-sides. It is a pity that the poison sumach should ever have been called dogwood, since the real dogwood, which is a high tree with very large and showy white blossoms in Spring, and with lovely purple leaves in Autumn, is perfectly harmless.

You may gather the crimson five-cleft leaves of the Virginian creeper, or American ivy, that has small blackish berries, and that climbs by fixing the ends of its tendrils like little suckers to its supports; but beware of the poison ivy, that has three leaflets, and that climbs by loose, thread-like rootlets. It is very beautiful, but very poisonous. You may know it by some one of its several other names: poison elder, poison oak, or mercury vine. The latter name is applied to several other poisonous vines, in various parts of the United States. Let them all alone.

The beautiful Autumnal woods are offering you such variety in form, color, and shade, that you need not gather leaves of these two forbidden sorts.

M. B. C. SLADE.

BLUE JAYS TAKING PILLS.

JACK has received a letter from an old lady in South Carolina, in which she tells a *true* story for the benefit of my boys and girls. She says that she had been making some "home-made pills," and after they were all nicely shaped she put them out on the window-sill to dry. Pretty soon some blue jays came along, and not having anything better to do they swallowed every pill. The old lady went to the window just in time to see the last dose disappear, and so, as she says, she just had to make the best of it. Watching the jays, and wondering what effect the pills would have upon them, she saw them tumble about in a sort of confused state, and finally hide themselves away as best they could. In the morning they were found dead in her garden. The old lady felt very sorry for them, but she says she "could n't help thinking that perhaps it was all for the best, as the pills contained opium, and may be there was something wrong about them."

Jack thinks so too. There is apt to be something wrong about home-made things that contain opium. Better, however, to lose a few blue jays than to have a nice old lady killed in that way.

HOW CERTAIN WOODPECKERS PACK THEIR TRUNKS.

Nordhoff, Ventura Co., California.

DEAR JACK: Do you realize how many little persons in all parts of the country eagerly read your sermons of life and nature? Have any of your messengers ever told you how the thrifty woodpecker of California stores away his food? His favorite diet seems to be acorns. He selects his tree, I think preferring a redwood or white-oak; then bores or pecks the bark full of holes of the size of the acorn. When his harvest is ready, he immediately brings an acorn and tries until he finds a place where it will fit in nicely (if not put in tightly it would drop out), inserts the smaller end, then pounds it in with his bill. It is interesting to watch him. His little red cap bobs to and fro until his store is safely packed.

We have a very large white-oak in our yard, which is inhabited by a colony I should think. The body or trunk and every large limb are perforated with these holes, the most of which are now full.

Yours, with good wishes,

JENNIE LANNER.

SHIP AHOY!

NEXT month, I'm told, ST. NICHOLAS is to have a high-popolorum, full-rigged, double-decker of some sort by the Little School-mistress herself. And there's sharp work expected from you, my youngsters! There's a prize, too. Deacon Green has a hand in it, I have n't the slightest shadow of a doubt.

THE LETTER-BOX.

LIBRARIAN.—“The Pretty School-mistress,” to whom we referred your letter, writes in reply:

There is good authority for Mr. Jack-in-the-Pulpit's remark that Leonardo da Vinci invented the wheelbarrow. I found the same statement in an Italian Life of this great painter, published in Milan in 1872, the author of which had the privilege of examining Leonardo's own manuscripts. Also, a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, in an article on the “Lives” of this painter, after naming many useful things invented by Leonardo da Vinci, designs for and descriptions of which are found among his still existing manuscripts, adds—“And finally, last but not least, among the many things moved by wheel, the common wheelbarrow.”

To be sure, the honor of this invention has been claimed for others. Some authorities give it to a certain Sieur Dupin, in 1669; others claim it for Pascal, somewhere in the middle of the same century; and a surprising statement is to be found in the “*Dictionnaire de Mobilier*.” In this work Viollet-le-Duc gives a *fac-simile*, as “*Librarian*” truly says, of a picture taken from a manuscript of the end of the thirteenth century, representing an odd-looking man wheeling what appears to be the bust of a king in a wheelbarrow!

The only way in which we can explain this matter, without directly doubting the evidence of Leonardo himself, is by supposing that in the old days, before telegraphs and rapid transits of any kind were known, a wheelbarrow, or any other needed thing, may have been invented and used in one place for even a century before it was heard of three hundred miles away. So there may have been half-a-dozen worthy and honest inventors of this useful implement; in fact, it would hardly surprise me to find the wheelbarrow trundled back through the ages till it reached the workshop of the earliest inventor known to men—the “cunning worker,” Tubal Cain.

This beautiful poem, written by Mrs. Browning as a tribute to Hans Christian Andersen, cannot fail to interest all lovers of the noble old poet, and is therefore republished here. It has also another claim upon us, that it is the last poem written by the great poetess:

THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.

I.

“Now give us lands where olives grow,”
Cried the North to the South,
“Where the sun with a golden mouth can blow
Blue bubbles of grapes down a vineyard row!”
Cried the North to the South.

“Now give us men from the sunless plain,”
Cried the South to the North,
“By need of work in the snow and the rain
Made strong, and brave by familiar pain!”
Cried the South to the North.

II.

“Give lucider hills and intenser seas,”
Said the North to the South,
“Since ever by symbols and bright degrees,
Art, child-like, climbs to the dear Lord's knees!”
Said the North to the South.

“Give strenuous souls for belief and prayer,”
Said the South to the North,
“That stand in the dark on the lowest stair,
While affirming of God, ‘He is certainly there!’”
Said the South to the North.

III.

“Yet, oh, for the skies that are softer and higher!”
Sighed the North to the South,
“For the flowers that blaze, and the trees that aspire,
And the insects made of a song or a fire!”
Sighed the North to the South.

“And, oh, for a seer to discern the same!”
Sighed the South to the North,
“For a poet's tongue of baptismal flame,
To call the tree and the flower by its name!”
Sighed the South to the North.

IV.

The North sent, therefore, a man of men
As a grace to the South;
And thus to Rome came Andersen,—
“Alas, but must you take him again!”
Said the South to the North.

NEXT month we shall publish in the “Riddle-box” a beautiful and original prize-puzzle. The prize will be something that our boys and girls will consider splendid, and we may print a picture of it. Full announcements will be made in our next number.

THE following answers have been received to the question in the September number regarding the course of a ship from New York to Liverpool:

Lansingburgh, N. Y., August 30th, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister sends the answer to—Why does a ship crossing the Atlantic, and sailing in a straight line from New York to Liverpool, sail a hundred miles further than a ship sailing from New York to Liverpool on a curved line up toward the north? Because you cannot go direct, as you have to go around Ireland; therefore it would be nearer to go on a curved line than on a straight line.

LAURA S. BENEDICT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A ship sailing from New York to Liverpool in a straight line would sail farther than in a line curving toward the north, because the arc of a great circle between two points is greater than the arc of a small circle between the same points.

DARLIN L. AMES.

Parkersburg, W. Va., August 31st, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: James S., in the September number of ST. NICHOLAS, wishes to know why Baltimore was so named, and if there be any city of the same name in the Old World? I do not know of any Baltimore in the Old World. About 1624, Sir George Calvert, a Roman Catholic nobleman, whose title was Lord Baltimore, wishing to provide an asylum for the Catholics then persecuted in England, asked for a grant of land in America upon which to establish a colony. Charles I., the king, readily agreed to grant his request; but before the papers received the royal seal, Calvert died. The charter was then issued to his son Cecil, who, by the death of his father, succeeded to the title of Lord Baltimore. The first immigrants came over in 1634, and commenced founding cities, one of which was called Baltimore, after Lord Baltimore.—Yours respectfully,

HATTIE A. WELLES.

We have also received answers to Jamie's questions from Mabel Hoskins, Mark W. C., “J. J.,” J. C. Beardsley, “Namlig,” and “Comus,” all of whom agree with Hattie as to the origin of the name. But the second question must have been a hard one, for almost all the answers to it are incorrect. Mabel Hoskins, Mark W. C., and J. C. Beardsley assert that there is no Baltimore in the Old World, while “Comus” adds, “unless it be a small village.” But that is just what it is,—a small seaport village in the south of Ireland. The American city of Baltimore certainly received its name in the manner described by Hattie, but the title of the peerage held by Sir George Calvert may have been derived from the name of this little Irish town.

HERE is a story by a very little girl:

MAGOR.

Magor was a large dog. He had a kind little master, so Magor was ever well off. He knew Merry every since he was a puppy. One day Merry and he were at play near the pond. Merry had quite forgotten what mama had told him not to go near the pond. Magor thought it would be nice to have a swim; in he went. The little boy thought Magor was going to get very damp and cold. He was standing on the very edge of the pond, saying “Come back.” He put out one fat hand. He gave a little cry—a splash. Merry had fallen. He had rose first time when Magor caught him. Carried him home to mama. What do you think she did? Why, she took Merry, did him up in blankets, put him in her own soft bed, and kissed his pale face many times. It was one week before Merry was himself again. Six times Magor saved the little boy's life. Do you not think Magor ought to be loved for what he did?—MAMIE L. L.

HERE is something for young mathematicians and logicians:

TO THE EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS: Allow me herewith to send you the following arithmetical puzzle, communicated to me by my father, and said to have originated with Moses Mendelssohn:

Question.—How can you prove that there must be in the world at least two trees of the same number of leaves?

Solution.—It is certain that the number of trees in the world exceed

the greatest number of leaves on any one tree. Call the greatest number of leaves x , and the number of trees x plus y , and suppose all the trees have different numbers from 1 to x . Then, the tree x plus 1 must have a number of leaves ranging between 1 and x , for x is the greatest number of leaves on a tree. Therefore it must equal in the number of leaves one of the trees between 1 and x , and therefore there are two trees in the world which have the same number of leaves.

To make it plainer, let the greatest number of leaves on any one tree be 1,000,000, and the greatest number of trees 1,000,001; and suppose all the trees have different number of leaves—the first having one leaf, the second two, the third three, &c.; and as no one tree can have more than 1,000,000 leaves, therefore the first tree over one million must have an equal number of leaves with one tree between 1 and 1,000,000, because it cannot have more than 1,000,000, and as all the number of leaves between 1 and 1,000,000 have been given away, one of these numbers must be repeated. Therefore there are at least two trees in the world which have an equal number of leaves.

—Respectfully yours,

MORRIS JASTROW.

It is not often that the boys receive such a decidedly practical question as is put to them this month by Bruce F. Johnson. He asks "if any boy can tell him the length of railroad in the United States, in America, in Great Britain, in Europe, in Asia, in Africa." He even includes Australia also, and closes with a request for "the total length of all the railroads in the world!"

We will answer the last question ourselves. At the close of 1874 there were, in the whole world, 172,930 miles of railroad, on which 56,700 locomotives were employed to draw 103,700 passenger cars and 1,356,600 freight cars.

San Francisco, August 18.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in California. I am nine years old. I live on Dolores Street. I think it is called so because there is an old Mission church on it, with graves round it—some of them more than a hundred years old. The church is a queer-looking old thing. It is made of adobe.

I have thought of joining the Bird-defenders, but I cannot get my cat to join with me. I have a little parakeet, too. My cat is afraid to kill my parakeet, because it squeaks so; but if it can get hold of a little chicken, it will kill it in a minute. What would you do with such a cat?

GODFREY BIRDSALL.

You had better join yourself, Godfrey, and, after awhile, you may be able to reform your cat.

EFFIE VANVOLKENBERG AND OTHERS.—Yes, you are right Franklin was born in Boston. Jack either made a mistake, for once, or his statement was an ingenious device for waking his young hearers out of their August doze.

DEAR EDITOR: The following riddle has been in our family for at least fifty years, and no one has been able to solve it. Some of the most intelligent have tried it, and have failed. I thought I would submit the riddle to you, thinking that, through the pages of your magazine, you might find some one smart enough to name the "ancient city of no small renown."

Hoping I may have my curiosity gratified, I shall look earnestly for an answer to the riddle.—Respectfully,

SARAH B. WILSON.

RIDDLE.

The noblest object in the works of art,
The brightest gem that nature doth impart,
The point essential in the lawyer's case,
The well-known signal in the time of peace,
The plowman's prompter when he drives the plow,
The soldier's duty and the lover's vow,
The planet seen between the earth and sun,
The prize which merit never yet has won,
The miser's treasure and the badge of Jews,
The wit's ambition, and the parson's dues.
Now, if your noble spirit can divine
A corresponding word for every line,
By all these various lessons will be shown
An ancient city of no small renown.

Luzerne, August 21st.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw a nice story in your September number to-day from Fannie Hunt, about chickens and turkeys, so I thought I would write you about what happened at our house.

Well, once a silky hen had a brood of chicks, and she took care of them awhile and left them; and then two other hens that had wanted to set—but my father did not want them to—took charge of the chicks and brought them up together. Well, those chickens could not tell which of the three hens was their mother. Will you please tell me?

—Yours truly,
ANNIE T. BROWN.

August 23d, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Yesterday, as I was going to Sunday-school, I met Sam Dogan, and he had four robins in a cage, that he was going to give to his cat. I teased him to let them go, but he pushed me away and said "Shut up." I teased him some more, and by and by he let them go. I am a Bird-defender, and am going to make Sam be one. My brother Harmon is six years old. I am eight. He wants his name put down for a Bird-defender. Is he too little? I got a few Bird-defenders; they are my cousins though, all but Harmon.

ROB R. SHERMAN.

No boy can be too little to be a Bird-defender—if he "wants" his name put down—nor too big.

SCHOOL-TIME.

ALWAYS be early to school,
Both in good and bad weather,
And go according to rule,
And then you'll be good altogether.
Then when your lessons are done,
You'll be free from all sorrow and care;
Away to the fields you can run,
And be just as free as the air.

But first be sure, of all things,
Whatever you do or say,
To hear the bell when it rings,
For then you must give up your play.
Your lessons should always be good,
You should do as your teacher asks,
Then when you've learned all you could,
You will be glad you have finished your tasks.

When school-time's at an end,
Then you'll enjoy your play;
But that will all depend
On your conduct for that day.
Now this advice I freely give,
And if you follow it well,
In happiness you then will live,
As your future life will tell.

ALLIE REICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the August number of your paper there was a piece telling how to make a sea-weed album. I would like to know if I could put leaves on paper in the same way?—Yours truly,

HARRY GRIFFITH.

Yes, if your paper is not too thin.

San Francisco, August 1st, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you give the same presents next year, for the same number of subscribers, to those getting up clubs, that you printed last year? And when I get up a club, shall I count myself as one? If I get four subscribers, and take the magazine myself, would you give me a present for a club of five, or not? I do not understand. Will you please answer, and oblige your friend and subscriber,

NELLIE.

Yes, the premiums will continue the same as last year, and you can count yourself in your club.

BIRD-DEFENDERS.

Belpre, Ohio, sends the following names: Mary Mackey, Ella Garlock, Flora Rarick, Ione Henderson, Mary Clark, Willie Rounds, Eddie Hutchison, Willie O'Neal, Hugh Drain, Hattie Davis, Mina Cunningham, Mary Morgan, Lewis Gettle, Sallie Cawood, Anna Krebs, Laura Furnell, Harry Davis, Kate Browning, Chas. Parker, Joseph Lee, Jessie Henderson, Eddie Porter, Bradley Stone, Ettie Parker, Harry Ellenwood, Willie Seaville, Charlie Dunbarger, Stonewall Henderson, N. P. Armstrong, Johnson Garlock, Laura Smith, Mary Harrison, Nellie Price, Mattie Williams, Alden Williams, Mamie Gettle, Lonnie Hutchison, Odie Brown, Samuel Nuzum, Jennie Hunter, Morris Rarick, Madge Cunningham, Jennie Palmer, Clara Moore, Edna Rarick, Frank Hytton, Virgia Downer, Dorus Alderman, Willie Patton, Laura Woodward, Maggie Hadley, Jimmie Perry, Willie Jackson, Tillie Garlock, and Edward Rarick.

Fannie Madison, of Cleveland, Ohio, sends this long list: Fannie Madison, Charlie Madison, Eddie Douglass, Carrie Nevins, Irene Corey, Fanny Doty, Ida Hoyt, Lula Fleming, Hattie Berrington, Laura Jassmer, Emily Sheppard, Mattie Mayberry, Maggie Cowle, Katie Boegy, Jennie Turton, Fannie Hutton, Dasie Donahue, Ida Schuler, Mary Clark, Mary Mills, Lillie Gerloch, Mary Gallagher, Annie Savoy, Nellie Parmalee, Fanny Shafer, David Kimberley, Henry Hollis, Tillie Nieber, Harry Isbister, Charlie Jackson, Frank Bartholomew, William Davis, Henry Bower, Frank Cooke, Fred Wakefield, Charlie Taber, Charlie Lewis, Charley Danert, Lewis

Presley, George Aastrup, Jason Thomas, Jimmie Crawford, Johnnie Hutchinson, Frank Sweeney, George Davis, Grant Donaldson, Katie Klaus, John Gillson, George Clark, Michael McKeon, Nellie Monkman, Lewis Coc, and Katie Douglass.

Josie Louis, of Centralia, Ill., sends the following list: Josie Louis, Bertie Louis, Ella Louis, Alice Louis, Minnie Louis, Mamie Louis, Della Louis, Moneta Louis, Susy Louis, Florence Louis, Ollie Louis, Gussie Louis, Fannie Louis, Laura Louis, Amanda Louis, Mamie Louis, Rachel Louis, Rebecca Louis, Addie Louis, Lottie Louis, Rosy Gregg, Jerome Louis, Willie Louis, Alvin Louis, Walter Louis, Julius Louis, Herbert Louis, Uria Louis, Riley Louis, Charlie Louis, Clarence Louis, Bobbie Louis, Percy Louis, Allie Louis, Jessie Louis, Ludwig Louis, Milton Gregg, Charlie Gregg, and Maria Louis.

Thomas McGehan, of Hamilton, O., sends this list: Walter Kumbler, Horace Belden, Lou Beauchamp, Harry Hay, Dan McGlynn, Will Roberts, John Hall, Nelly Phillips, Milt Traber, Harry Traber, Charlie Traber, Oliver Traber, John Traber, Web Fitton, Scott Symmes, Chas. Cooch, Jim Durrrough, Oliver Crow, Dode Hargitt, Alice Hankins, Nell Miller, Alex. M. Hall, Edward Shaffer, Vicky Smith, Thomas Collins, Cyrus Falconer, Ella Gilbert, Dave Howell, J. B. Ousley, L. B. Dilakort, J. W. Meckley, Tom Hodder, Laura Porter, Albion Dyer, Ed Flenner, Will Moore, Robert Peck, Charley Heiser, Ed Beardsley, Frank Skinner, Frank Whitehead, Charlie Mixer, and Harry McElwee.

Herbert Dean sends the following list: Herbert Dean, John Scammon, John Keefe, Charles Kelley, Minnie Smith, Lucy Peabody, Mary Peabody, Jennie Littlefield, Hattie Warsaw, Mary Taylor, Bell Odell, Lillia Brewster, Alice Healey, Katie Keefe, Nettie Hoag, Hattie Hoag, Fred Jewell, Fred Fadden, and Lizzie Young.

Fannie O. Newton sends this list: Miss Selina C. Barrett, Miss Bertha Keeshorn, Lulu White, Fannie Stinde, Letitia Rogers, Abbie Sanford, Teresa Stall, Charlie Sanford, Fannie Rowland, Addie Stall, Lucy Thomas, Fannie Thomas, Katie Thomas, Miss Lucy Barrett, and Dorcas Carr.

F. L. Chase, of Woburn, sends the following names: Effie C. Sweetser, Nettie H. Fiske, Kittie Rose Fiske, Eddie H. Fiske, Florence L. Chase, Georgie H. Green, Georgie Hamlin, Charles F. Hamlin, and Lothrop Chase.

"Two Friends" Hattie Johnson and E. Louise Tibbetts—send these names: Fannie Wilder, Gracie Brooks, Carrie Johnson, Mamie Damon, Mrs. S. F. Damon, Miss Annie Damon, Hattie Johnson, E. Louise Tibbetts, and Frank Tibbetts.

Max Ulrich, of San Antonio, Texas, sends these names: Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Liffrieng, Mrs. Ulrich, Mr. Ulrich, Lewis Ulrich, and Max Ulrich.

Rob R. Sherman sends his own and the following names: Harmon R. Sherman, Belle S. Howard, Walter Smith, and John A. Buck.

Will E. B., of North Adams, Mass., sends this list: Lottie A. Millard, Blanche C. Brayton, Hattie F. Brooks, and Hattie S. Brayton.

Estelle Riley, of Columbus, Texas, sends her own and the following names: Ida Riley, Katie Moore, and Emma Delany.

Lester Woodbridge sends this list: Irene E. Woodbridge, Bessy Woodbridge, Charley Woodbridge, and Lester Woodbridge.

The following names also have been received: Walter H. Morrison, Charlie Morrison, Marian C. Morrison, Emilie Neville, Anita Hendrie, Mary Ella Bakewell, Effie Bakewell, Mary B. Smith, Charles Willcox, Mamie Locke, Willie F. Morgan, Ida E. Kidd, Gertrude Gunn, L. H. Branch, Geo. Holden, Inez Simons, W. C. Houghton, and Herbie Houghton.

ANSWERS by the following boys and girls to puzzles in the August number were received too late for acknowledgment in the October number: Charlie and Frankie Rupert, H. Wigmore, Belle Gibson, Hattie Gibson, Lizzie Bloomfield, William M. Northrup, Edward Broome, Allie Anthony, Mary F. Crane, E. L. Tibbetts, Hattie F. Johnson, William C. Delaney, Mark W. Collett, Le Roy and Coy Youmans, Alice Morrow.

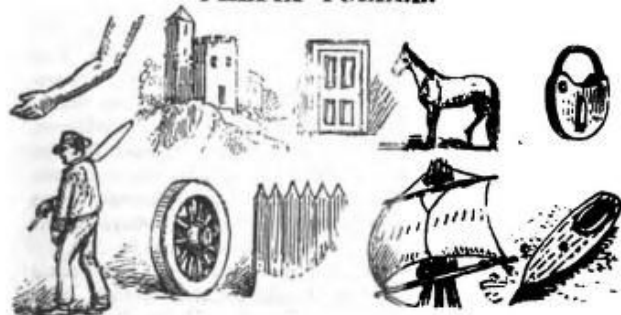
THE RIDDLE-BOX.

EASY ENIGMA.

I AM composed of forty-two letters. My 6, 19, 42, 16 is a part of the head. My 40, 35, 14 is a cover for the head. My 5, 24, 2 is a quadruped. My 39, 1, 18 is another. My 15, 21, 17 is a pronoun. My 20, 41, 34 is an insect. My 36, 26, 7 is a foreign product. My 27, 9, 11, 28 is constructed by birds. My 8, 3, 4, 31 is seen at night. My 37, 38, 32 is a covering. My 12, 10, 22, 29 is wealthy. My 30, 25, 23 is a kind of tree. My 33, 13 is a musical note. My whole is a proverb.

BODINE.

PREFIX PUZZLE.



BURIED PLACES.

1. June, July, and August are Summer months. 2. But I came when you called. 3. She sings in grand style. 4. How slow Ellen's movements are. 5. Let Royce go with us to the store. 6. Lady Franklin sends Kane a telescope. F. J. and M. P.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A personal pronoun. 3. A writing instrument. 4. A fairy. 5. A prank. 6. A bad man. 7. A term in music. 8. A musical instrument. 9. A terrible disease. 10. Weariness. The diagonals form a household sunbeam. L. O.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE missing words in the following stanzas being supplied, the initials and finals will give the names of—
(1) A great poet; (2) A great composer:

- "Windy —, with its frolic gales,
Filling the woods with their musical roar;
While over the water scud wet white sails,
And the foam breaks fast on a rough lee-shore."
- "Now the goat may climb and crop
The soft grass on Mount —'s top."
- "Moonshine and — are left to bury the dead."
- "Which like the —, ugly and venomous,
Bears yet a precious jewel in its head."
- "The silvery green of the — shade
Hung dim o'er fount and bower."
- "And, by all the world forsaken,
Sees he how with zealous care,
At the ruthless — of iron,
A little bird is striving there." H. H. H.

EASY METAGRAM.

FIRST, I am a bird. Change my head, I am part of a ship; again, I am to pull; again, and I am dim; again, I am replete; again, and I am to quiet. C. C.

CHARADE, No. 1.

FIRST.

To greet the morning sun I rise,
And trill my gladness through the skies.

SECOND.

I guard the fowl, yet the noble horse
I torture oft without remorse.

WHOLE.

In pink and white and blue I dress—
What am I? Children, can you guess?
A. O'N.

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.**ENIGMA, No. 2.**

I AM composed of twelve letters. My 5, 8, 3, 12 is the name of a tree. My 10, 4, 11, 1, 2 is food for the sick. My 7, 5, 6, 11 is the name of a queen. My 2, 9, 4, 11 is what every boy would like to be. My whole is a part of St. NICHOLAS. S. C. M.

A FLOWER ACROSTIC.

CONTENTMENT's simple, smiling flower,
Fair blossoms that at twilight sleep,
Bright, golden cups from Spring's glad bower,
And bells that through the snow-rifts peep;
Rich Autumn clusters, full and gay,
Devotion's loveliest, rarest bloom,
Then, "for remembrance," here's the spray
And tendrils from the ruins' gloom.
We've gentlest sprigs of fragile white,
And waxy buds, intensely sweet,
And flag-like flowers, both fair and bright,
With blooms immortelle, here we meet.
The "trophy flower" we gladly bind;
The wind's frail love has, too, a place;
And now a spicy twig we find
To mingle with the "Daystar's" grace.

From Summer woods we cull the pride,
And from the porch meek springs we bring,
Spring's sweetest scented buds beside
We lay the Flow'ret poets sing;
And last of all, with fragrance mild
We place the streamlet's radiant child.

These flowers, from garden, wood and dell,
A gay and perfumed garland make;
To enshrine a name you'll surely tell,
If you the pains will only take.

The name is one all children loved—
A name first known in snow-clad climes;
But now well-known in every land,—
See can you find it in these rhymes.

SPORTIVE ANAGRAMS.

FILL one blank with the name of some game, and the other with the same name transposed.

1. The game of — often occasions —.
 2. A challenge to play a game of — was —.
 3. Never cheat as —.
 4. I have passed pleasant — the game of —.
 5. Charlie thinks Mary silly, — would n't play — at her age.
 6. He — disconsolately, having lost his —.
 7. Strength must be — playing —.
 8. Little children, — older ones, like to play —.
 9. — is an excellent sort of game.
 10. The only game was a little — on —.
- CHARL.

CHARADE, No. 2.

If my first is my second,
'Tis sure to be fleet;
If my second's my first,
It is not fit to eat;
And what is my whole
Will depend upon whether
My second and first
You fit rightly together.
If my second comes first,
'Tis an animal; but
If my second comes second,
Why, then, 't is a nut.
So if it's an animal,
Then you may back it;
But supposing it is n't—
I leave you to crack it.

L. H.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT.
 2. To place anything.
 3. An account.
 4. A wild animal.
 5. To mark out.
 6. Before.
 7. A consonant.
- L. O.

ELLIPSES.

FILL the blanks in each sentence with the same word, one meaning of which is a boy's name:

1. — helped to raise the weight by holding the —.
 2. — rode to the seaside in a —.
 3. — wheeled the coal to the pit in a —.
 4. The only thing — noticed in the church was the — which hung from the ceiling.
 5. — loved to be — in all his assertions.
 6. — was fond of the bark of the —.
 7. — ornamented his box with a border of —.
 8. — lifted the stone to its place with a —.
 9. — gave his pennies for a —.
 10. — gathered a bunch of — for a friend.
 11. — threw a toy boat into the — to watch it whirl.
 12. — refused to join the boys who thought it sport to — the rabbit.
 13. — lighted his pipe with a —.
 14. — plucked a flower of the — in the woods.
- B.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

No time for the usual compliments to-day, my chicks. Jack has news for you! A little bird tells him that Deacon Green thinks there ought to be a "Young Contributor's" department to ST. NICHOLAS, and that it will not do the children one bit of harm, provided the vanity of unfledged authors is not fed by printing their names. Hurrah for the deacon! He's written a letter to the editor about this matter, and Jack would n't be one bit surprised if something should come of it! Perhaps *next month*—who knows?

"The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will our Jack do then?—poor thing!"

writes a dear little boy. Bless his heart! Jack does n't mind the snow one bit. In this respect he differs from others of his race.

Ah! what wonderful folks these Scribners are, to be able to make a Jack-in-the-Pulpit blossom all Winter! This reminds me, strange to say, of

DRIED UP ANIMALS COMING TO LIFE.

WELL. Wonders never cease. You'll excuse my bringing forward a dried up old adage, my chicks, as I wish to apply it strictly to something the birds told me—which is, that certain creatures of the worm and small fry order can be dried up completely, kept in that state for years, and then be brought to life again! Now it's bad enough to be a worm any way, but just conceive the state of mind a worm must be in who is brought to life after having been dried up for a dozen years! The pretty schoolmistress and Deacon Green were talking on this subject in the twilight last evening. Speaking of a minute sort of worms known as vinegar eels, she said that it was known to the botanist Linnæus

that these worms could be dried up and then revived. Also, that she had read that somebody named Baker, in 1775, found that the young of *Anguillula tritici*, inclosed in diseased grains of wheat, could be revived, even after a desiccation of twenty-seven years, by being moistened with water; and other naturalists observed the same fact for shorter periods.

Ah! the school-mistress is a wonderful little woman. She brought out that *Anguillula tritici* so glibly that it made Deacon Green fairly blink.

THE BRITISH BROAD ARROW.

WHAT a world this is! Hearing some persons mention the British Broad Arrow, I naturally inquired of the birds about it, knowing that they are specially interested, poor things! in arrows and in all sorts of weapons.

Now, what *do* you think they told me?

Why, the English Broad Arrow is n't an arrow at all. That is, it's not an arrow that you can fire from a bow at a mark, but it is a mark itself. Yet not a mark to be fired at. It is a mark stamped or cut upon wood and iron and certain other materials which belong to the British Government and are used about its naval ships or dock-yards. The Broad Arrow looks very little like an arrow, and very much like the print which a hen's foot leaves in the mud.

REFUSED BLESSINGS.

"It's amazing," said Deacon Green, "how stupid we human beings are, little and big; what worthless things we strive for, and what blessings we carelessly cast away. In some parts of Japan, when you go home from a dinner, a servant is sent after you with a box containing everything that was offered to you at table and that you refused. Ah! what if some day an angel comes after us to show us all the blessings that were offered to us on earth, that we were too stupid or too obstinate or too proud to take!

THE CROOKED STORY STRAIGHTENED.

As Jack wishes me to give a report concerning the "Crooked Story," printed on page 775 of the October number of ST. NICHOLAS, I comply with pleasure. Here is the first correct rendering (received Sept. 22d):

THE STORY.

A right sweet little boy, the son of a great colonel, with a ruff about his neck, flew up the road swift as a deer. After a time he had stopped at a new house and rung the bell. His toe hurt him, and he needed rest. He was too tired to raise his fair, pale face. A faint moan of pain rose from his lips.

The maid who heard the bell was about to pare a pear, but she threw it down and ran with all her might, for fear her guest would not wait.

But when she saw the little one, tears stood in her eyes at the sight. "You poor dear! Why do you lie here? Are you dying?"

"No," he sighed, "I am faint to the core."

She bore him in her arms, as she ought, to a room where he might be quiet, gave him bread and meat, held scent under his nose, tied his collar, wrapped him warmly, gave him some sweet dram from a vial (or phial), till at last he went forth hale as a young horse. His eyes shone, his cheek was red as a flower, and he gamboled a whole hour.

SARAH M. GALLAUDET (aged 10).

The same day brought an equally correct rendering by Jessie E. Stevens, who accordingly shares the honors with Sarah. F. E. C.'s rendering was received earliest of all (Sept. 21st), but she failed to

change the words "drachm" and "shown." R. A.'s came in with Sarah's, but he had wrongly changed "side" (sighed) to *said*. The following girls and boys have straightened the story perfectly, falling behind Sarah and Nessie only in point of time:

F. C. Doubleday, Bertha W. Young, Charles D. Rhodes, "Rose," Anna Jerenson, Sallie C. Schofield, H. L. Brown, Mary Troxell, Laurie T. Sanders, Addie Lawrence, Lily Graves, W. C. Kent, "Pigeon," Helen F. Mackintosh, Harry G. Perkins, "Mayflower," May Harvey, Bessie H. Van Cleef, James E. Whitney, Belle Peck, Charley Read, John C. Williams, Lenora Louise Crowell, "Hamlet," William Harding, Katie H., Jessie M. Metcalf, A. Eugene Billings, Jennie Carman, Lulu Van Eaton, Theodore W. Birney, Annie Lee Macreading, Mamie A. Johnson, Harry C. Powers, Annie E. Westcott, Mary B. Leiper, Poblito Herberto, Nellie Kellogg, Helen W. Clarkson, Nellie F. Elliott, Nellie Fairbairn, Annie I. Earle, Mamie F. Danforth, Florence M. Easton, Harry Wigmore, Cora J. Whiting, Nellie Shed, William J. Haines, Mary Toumey, Clara Mack, George A. White, and Stevie B. Franklin.

Many other "straightenings" of the "Crooked Story" have been received, but they each contain one or more errors. Every effort, however, is heartily appreciated, and I hope to hear from all the writers again on the next similar occasion.

In praising one and all for trying to straighten the crooked story, I must not ignore its several offenses against correct pronunciation. It was allowable, for the puzzle's sake, to claim the same sound for such words as *when* and *wen*, *are* and *ah*, *arms* and *alms*, *sore* and *saw* (especially as these are the too common pronunciations); but now that the puzzle is solved, we all must be doubly careful to sound our *r*'s and *h*'s, and give each word its full value.

LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

WHOA! HORSEY!

HAVE you ever heard of sea-horses? I have. The birds tell me there are plenty of them in the sea. If it's so, I'll thank the editors of ST.



THE SEA-HORSE (HIPPOCAMPUS).

NICHOLAS to show you a picture of one, and then, may be, you'll be able to find out further particulars for yourselves.

RESPECT YOUR TEACHERS.

"RESPECT your teachers, boys," said Deacon Green to two smart young fellows from town who were just now walking "across lots" with him. "Respect your teachers. I don't mean only that you should treat them with outward deference,

but I want you to truly honor them. If you try to do it and can't—why, go to another school. Honor the man who teaches you, who preaches you, who reaches you, say I."

The boys laughed at the deacon's funny rhyming, but I noticed that they straightened up as he spoke, and, from the bright look in their eyes, it was evident that they took his idea.

LEFT HANDED ANIMALS.

MONKEYS and boys, as a general rule, take hold of things most naturally with the right hand; but nearly all other animals may be said to be left-handed; that is, whenever their claws, paws, or feet serve the purpose of hands, the left is used instead of the right. I am told that Dr. Livingstone, the celebrated traveler, who had sharp eyes of his own, gave it out as a fact that lions, tigers and leopards always strike their prey with the left paw, and that, so far as his observations went, all quadrupeds could be called left-handed. Even parrots extend their left claw when they wish to take anything from your hand; and in gnawing a bone, a dog almost invariably steadies it with his left paw.

What is your experience, my pets? Do pigs generally put their left foot in the trough, or not?

EGGS AND STONES.

"DON'T carry eggs and stones in the same basket."

That's all I heard—a mere passing remark of the deacon's. Can my boys and girls make anything out of it? It strikes me that often when things go wrong in every-day affairs, it may be because somebody has tried to carry eggs and stones in the same basket. Persons of *tact* never do this.

A SHREWD FARMER.

HERE is a letter that will amuse the chicks who have been prying into cows' mouths of late; though I hope they will not admire the cute farmer too much. There are some kinds of shrewdness which Jack does n't by any means hold up as good examples:

DEAR JACK: Your item concerning "Cows' Upper Teeth," reminds me of an incident which occurred in an adjoining town.

A city gentleman who had just purchased a farm in the country, wished to buy some cattle with which to stock it. He therefore attended an auction where cows were to be sold. One of them, a remarkably fine animal, soon attracted his attention, and he bought her at a fair price. He was examining his purchase, when a farmer, who unfortunately had arrived too late to buy the cow himself as he had intended, drove up, and thus accosted him:

"I say, friend, did you bid off that cow?"

"I did," was the reply.

"Well, did you know that she had no front teeth in the upper jaw?"

"No," replied the gentleman, indignantly. "Is that so?"

"You can see for yourself."

The gentleman examined the mouth of the cow, and finding no upper teeth, immediately went to the auctioneer and requested him to sell the cow again.

"What's the trouble?" asked the auctioneer.

"She has n't any upper front teeth," was the reply.

"Very well," replied the auctioneer with a smile, "I'll put her up once more."

He did so, and the shrewd farmer who had given the information to the city gentleman, bid her off at the same price.

THE LETTER-BOX.

THE model schooner-yacht which is to be given as a prize to the boy or girl who shall best work out the "Prize Puzzle," in this month's Riddle-Box, is a very handsome vessel of first-rate sailing qualities. The hull is two feet and a half long, and the whole length from tip of bowsprit to the end of the boom is four feet eight inches. Height from keel to top of mainmast three feet four inches. It is not only a good boat to look at, but it is a good fast vessel to sail, and all its sails and rigging "work" just as if it were a real schooner. It was built by Fitch of Broadway, who makes so many of the model yachts which sail in the races on the lakes in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, and in Central Park, New York. It is clipper-built and is a fast sailer. It has six sails: a jib and a flying-jib, a foresail and a foretopsail, a mainsail and a maintopsail. All the necessary "sheets" and ropes will be found in their places and in working order. It is a good vessel, a handsome vessel, and a fast vessel, and its name is ST. NICHOLAS. Any boy who gets this little schooner-yacht ought to be a happy fellow, if there is any water near his home where he can sail it. And any girl who gets it ought to be happy too, if she has a brother or a boy friend who can help her sail it. It is a very different boat from the awkward affairs we grown folks used to sail when we were young. No such beautiful fast-sailing miniature yachts were made in those days.

C. McL.—You will find in the 11th verse of the 20th chapter of Proverbs a better reply to your letter than any we can give you. May it encourage and inspire you as it should.

DEAR EDITOR: In the October number of the ST. NICHOLAS a little girl speaks of cows' teeth, and Jack said that it was a matter of dispute between naturalists whether cows have upper teeth or not. I thought I would find out yesterday, so I went to the butcher and asked him if cows had upper front teeth, and he said they had none, but way back in their mouths they had some large teeth called grinders. Good bye.—Yours, truly,
ROSA DICKINSON.

Jack did not say there was any dispute among *naturalists* in regard to this matter, for naturalists and scientific men know all about it, of course. But he will be very glad, we know, to hear that a little girl has gone to work and investigated this matter herself.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please be kind enough to tell me from what piece or hymn this quotation is taken: "I was mounted higher in the chariots of fire, and the moon was under my feet."—Yours,
CLARA L. RAYDER.

The source of the quotation referred to is Charles Wesley's hymn on the happiness of the convert, beginning

"O, how happy are they,
Who the Savior obey."

The last stanza reads:

"I rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor envied Elijah his seat;
My soul mounted higher,
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet."

BIRD-DEFENDERS.—Another "Grand Muster-Roll" of Bird-defenders will be printed in the Spring, and will contain all the names received by us from October 1st to the date of its publication.

EMMA T. writes that as her uncle has promised her, at Christmas, a bound volume of ST. NICHOLAS for this year, she would like to know how best to dispose of her monthly numbers, after she has read them. "It's of no use to keep them," she says, "if I am going to have a fresh, new, bound volume anyway."

We will tell you, Emma, and all other girls, and boys too, who may have back numbers which they do not intend to bind, what is the very best thing that can be done with them. If you know any

boys or girls who are too poor to buy ST. NICHOLAS, or who do not for any other reason get the magazine, send your back numbers to such children and tell them, when they have read them to pass them on to other boys and girls who may not have them. Then, if the numbers are passed on from these to others, and so on as long as they last, which will be a good while if they are not too carelessly handled, each number may give delight and instruction to a great many children who otherwise would never see the magazine at all. This plan is not only a generous one, but it is very easy and costs no money.

Some of our readers who bind their magazines may also know poor girls and boys to whom they would like to give back numbers of ST. NICHOLAS, if they had them to spare. To these we would say that Scribner & Co. are willing to send six back numbers for fifty cents, to any boy or girl who will write, enclosing the money, and stating that the numbers are to be given away to poor children who will pass them on. But if you do not know any boys and girls to whom you can give your back numbers, send them to some institution for poor or suffering children. There are establishments of this kind in nearly every large city, and you may feel sure that the numbers of ST. NICHOLAS will be most gladly welcomed by the little inmates. Among the institutions of the kind in New York are Dr. Knight's Hospital for Crippled Children, Forty-second Street and Lexington Avenue, and the children's department of Bellevue Hospital.

NEXT month, Jack-in-the-Pulpit will report on the answers to the crow and pigeon story.

HIRAM, N. C.—"Epizootic" is a word of five syllables—ep-i-zo-ot-ic, the two o's being distinctly sounded. It is compounded of two Greek words, *epi*, upon, and *zoo*, an animal. The word which means a murrain or pestilence among animals is properly the noun *epi-zo-o-ty*—epizootic being an adjective, corresponding with the word epidemic as applied to human diseases. For instance, it is right to say, "My horse has the ep-i-zo-o-ty," or "my horse has the epizootic disease." But if you refer to the disease among animals as you would to a general epidemic among men, you may say the epizootic is raging. In this case the noun disease is understood.

MADLINE PALMER asks if it is "right for a Bird-defender to chase a peacock, in hope that some of its feathers may drop out during the chase?"

We believe that Madeline has reference to a boy Bird-defender. Let her ask him this question: "Suppose a big, cross old peacock were to see you put a piece of cake in your pocket, and in order to make the piece of cake bounce out of your pocket, that peacock were to chase you around the yard, and over the fence, and up the road, and through the bushes, and into the briars, and across mud puddles; every now and then giving you a nip in the legs, or a punch in the back, nearly scaring the life out of you, until at last the cake was jolted out of your pocket, and then the peacock should stop and eat it up,—how would you like that?"

If he says he would not like it, then tell him that he ought not to chase peacocks to make them drop some of their possessions.

If he says he would like such treatment, then you can tell him that he has not as much feeling as a peacock.

HERE is an account from H. R. C. of the trials of a young printer:

We have in our office a boy, whose duties are to copy letters, go to the post-office and bank, run on errands, and do anything else of an unimportant and trifling nature that is to be done. He is fourteen years old, and is very bright. Almost his only fault is that he is always in an attitude of restless longing for lunch-time to arrive, and is also somewhat too fluent in conversation. His name is Albert Jenkins, familiarly contracted to Jinks.

Last Christmas somebody gave him a copy of the Life of Benjamin Franklin, and a perusal of that thrilling romance implanted in Jinks's mind an ardent desire to be a practical printer. With a rigid economy worthy of a better cause, he began to hoard up a large portion of his weekly wages, with the intention of purchasing a printing-press. He even cut down his usual daily pie allowance one-half, and sometimes

did n't eat a sandwich a-week. After practicing this heroic self-denial for several months, Jinks rushed insanely into the office one morning, and, dragging me to a corner of the room, stated in a breathless manner that a person up-town had an "Inimitable" foot-power press, with furniture, ink-roller, composing-stick, and everything else complete, not to mention numerous fonts of appropriate type. The man, having wearied of amateur printing, was anxious to sell out, and had offered the establishment to Jinks for the insignificant sum of fifteen dollars. Jinks possessed eleven dollars and ninety cents, and his business with me was to borrow the remainder of the purchase money. I yielded to his wishes, and he went off as happy as a boy whose teacher is taken suddenly ill and breaks up school.

He bought that press, and, taking it home, placed it beside his bed, so that it might be the last object upon which his eyes should gaze at night, and the first to greet his waking. The dreams of affluence and luxury which are written of in that absorbing work the "Arabian Nights," were cold and dull realities when compared to the gorgeous visions of future wealth which floated through Jinks's mind in connection with his press. He was unchangeably convinced that the reputation of Gutenberg, Faust, Caxton, and other printers of not inconsiderable repute, would be entirely eclipsed by the typographical fame of Jinks.

He at once proceeded to set up some type, choosing as his experimental sentence: "ALBERT JENKINS, PRINTER. GOOD WORK AND SMALL PROFITS." This is the way the "proof" looked when it was struck off:

"ALBERT JENKIN SPXINIER
GOOD WORK ANDSE ALT PROFILS."

Even the partial and prejudiced eyes of Jinks could not regard this as a success. In fact, he was a good deal mortified, and began to doubt his chances for notoriety in the printing line—enviable notoriety, at any rate. However, after several trials, he corrected the blunders, and took another impression. In this the types were all right, but he had applied the ink with a too prodigal hand, and, instead of a clear and well-defined line of printing being presented to his admiring eyes, the job looked like a well-used blotting-pad. Then, after this was remedied, his "form" tumbled down, and the types fell into what is technically called "pi," which was not at all to Jinks's taste. Anybody but a boy would have become discouraged at these repeated disasters, but hope springs eternal in the boyish breast; and Jinks, finally triumphing over all difficulties, was able to turn out quite a creditable job of printing. Then he became a nuisance to the household. He printed names, mottoes, and short moral apothegms all over everything he could lay his hands on—not sparing his shirts, collars, and cuffs, upon which his name appeared in every variety of type. His clothes were saturated with a mixture of printers' ink and benzine; and by reason of getting his hands caught with painful frequency in the press, his fingers were perpetually encased in linen bandages, and looked like a row of rag-babies.

It is the unanimous sentiment of Jinks's family that he ought to have his printing done by a regular printer, and dispose of his press at auction; but the indefatigable Jinks persists in his career of paper-smearing and finger-mashing, and it is to be hoped that his perseverance will ultimately place him in the front rank of American "typos."

THE following names of boys and girls who sent answers to puzzles in the September number, were unavoidably crowded out of the November issue, and are therefore inserted here: Mamie A. Johnson, "Mena, Nina and Tina," Fannie M. Harris, Etta B. Singleton, Charley Gartrell, Alma Sterling, "Jenny Wren," George H. Eager, B. G. B., Mark W. C., F. Sykes, Claire de Figanieri, Laura S. Benedict, "Hollyhock and Sunflower," Marion A. Coombs, Hattie F. Johnson and E. Louise Tibbetts, Eugenia C. Pratt, A. B. E., Rachael Hutchins, Rudolph Matz, "Scampia and Nero," George F. Wanger, Esq., C. E. Wickes, Amory Prescott Folwell, William C. Delanoy, Belle E. Gibson, Hattie Gibson, Charles H. Delanoy, Eleanor N. Hughes, "Phil A. Tely."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought some of your readers might like to hear about our three rather queer pets.

The first we got was a young hawk. He was covered with down that looked like lambs' wool. He is now all feathered and nearly grown, but has never tried to fly, but sits out in the yard and hops around a little. We feed him with beef principally, but he is very fond of mice. We call him Abe.

Our next pet was a young flying squirrel. We found it with our little kitten, and although the kitten was large enough to play some, and the squirrel was no larger than a mouse, they seemed to think as much of that as they did of the kitten. He died yesterday. We had taken him away from the cats and gone to feeding him milk; we think that was what was the matter with him. He was nearly full-grown. We think that the cats brought him in. We all felt very badly on account of his dying—he was so soft, and pretty, and 'cute.

Our third pet is the queerest of all, I think. He is a little mulatto boy. There was a load of orphan children brought here to be dis-

tributed, and I took him. He is about nine years old, and a real nice little fellow. He is perfectly contented and often tells us that he likes us, and we are very fond of him. I am only sixteen, and I suppose it was a rather long venture; but, then, there are only my mother and me at home. His name is George Newton. F. J. KELLOGG.

WE are sure our boys and girls will be interested in the following little poem when they know that it is the last work of their friend Hans Christian Andersen. Soon after he had written this he died:

"Like to the leaf which falleth from the tree,
O God, such only is my earthly life.
Lord, I am ready when Thou callest me,
Lo! Thou canst see my heart's most bitter strife—
'Tis Thou alone canst know the load of sin
Which this my aching breast doth hold within.

"Shorten the pains of death, shake off my fear,
Give me the courage of a trusting child.
Father of Love, I fain would see Thee near.
In pity judge each thought and act defiled—
Mercy, I cry! dear Lord, Thy will be done,
Save me, I pray, through Jesus Christ Thy Son."

A FRIEND OF ST. NICHOLAS writes: A few days ago we were at the Indian pueblo of San Domingo, and a very pleasant old warrior came to camp to see us, bringing some water-melons with him which he graciously bestowed on our mess. In return I gave him a copy of ST. NICHOLAS, which he carefully examined upside down in front of my tent, not showing much interest until he came to a picture of a mountain sheep. And then his brown old face was covered with a broad grin, and he poured out his ecstasy in a series of exclamations in his own language and Spanish that lasted the greater part of the afternoon. "Ah, cimarron! cimarron! cimarron! bueno! bueno! bueno!" Cimarron was his name for mountain sheep, and bueno, as you know, of course, is Spanish for good. Here was something that he knew, and he danced the book up and down to give an idea of the sheep's motion, and imitated the noise of a gun, whereat he let the page fall over to indicate death. He skipped about with more liveliness than any one would have believed his poor old legs to be capable of; kissed the picture again and again, pressed it against his breast, brought us more melons in the fullness of his gratitude, and eventually went away murmuring, "muchas gracias, señor, much gracias!" meaning many thanks.

Clinton, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read in the October number of the ST. NICHOLAS your answer to Nora Abbott's question: "Why does corn pop when placed over the fire?"

I have heard another explanation. Corn contains air, and when placed over the fire the heat causes it to expand, and that breaks the skin. Apples and potatoes when placed in an oven will often "pop" open for the same reason.—Yours truly,
FLORA HOLT.

Cuba, Mo

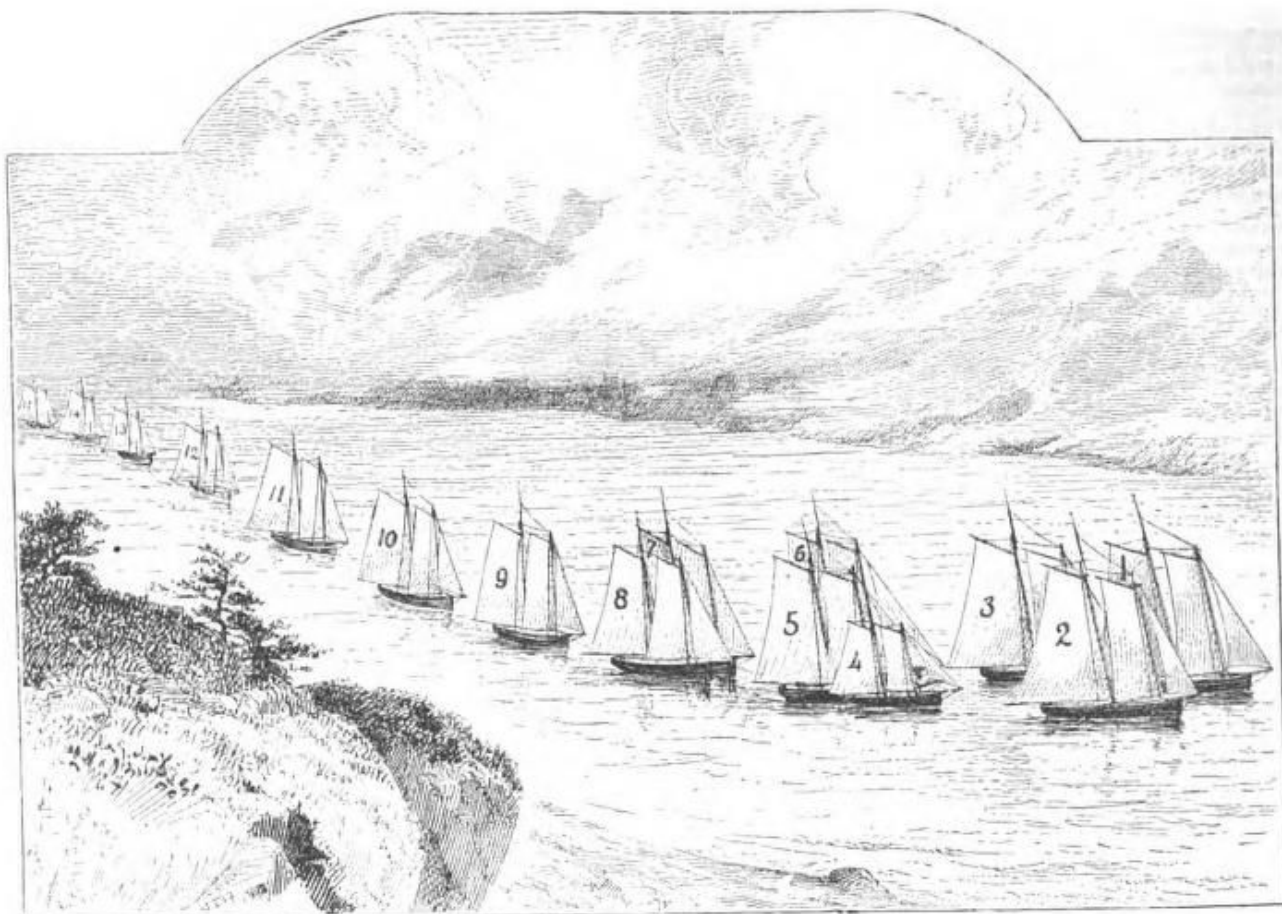
DEAR JACK: our cow has got upper back grinders and so has our calf, but they have n't got upper front teeth. our cow and calf is called Devon and they have everything all right as God means them to have. I read in ST. NICHOLAS every month since the first number came out, and think its the jolliest book in the world. I am a printer and am a good speller, I believe, and can read well to myself but not out loud, but am a bad writer; but I can knock center with my rifle three times out of five.
JOHNNY R.

Lynn, Mass.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The great elm-tree that Jack spoke of in the September number is in our yard; and besides the currant-bush, there is a young maple in it.—Yours very truly,
WILLIE F. MORGAN.

A WORD to you, boys and girls! If you intend renewing your subscription to ST. NICHOLAS, or if you intend to subscribe, *do it now!* If you wait until the busy days just before the holidays, you may be subjected to some delay in getting your numbers. Last year over twenty thousand people waited almost until Christmas-time before sending in their subscriptions, and the consequence was, that even with their strong force of clerks, it was impossible for the publishers to get all the subscriptions entered and the magazines mailed in time. And many people grumbled very much because they had to wait. It costs no more to attend to these business matters promptly than to put them off until the last minute, and in this case promptness will not only save Scribner & Co. a great deal of trouble, but may save yourselves some watching and waiting. Talk to your father and mother about this.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.



A PRIZE PUZZLE.

The Race of the Pilots.

Explanation.—Each of these pilot-boats represents a noted character in the world's history, described in the table below. Boat No. 1, near by, is of the present century; No. 15 belongs to ancient times; and all the boats between are ranged accordingly, in *chronological order*. The bow of a boat extending in advance of another signifies that its representative was born later. When bows are on a line, you are to understand that the characters they represent were born in the same year; and when a boat sails quite clear of those before and after it, you may know that the man it represents lived and died during a period when neither of the others was in existence.

Now, girls and boys, who can give the right name to each of the pilot-boats?

Send in your answers, young friends, carefully written on one side of the paper, giving the number of each boat, with the name of the distinguished person it represents, and the date of his birth and death, with not over thirty additional words concerning him. Sign your name to your answer, and write your notes on a separate sheet.

An answer must comprise all of the fifteen boats. All correct answers received before January 15th shall be acknowledged in the March number of ST. NICHOLAS, and to the author of the very *best* answer shall be awarded a prize, namely:

THE BEAUTIFUL SAILING SCHOONER-YACHT,

described in Letter-Box on page 132 of present number. Neatness, careful penmanship, correctness of spelling,

and promptness shall also be taken into account. In case of "a tie" as to the merit of the best answers, the prize must be awarded by lot, and a second prize of

THE FIRST VOLUME OF ST. NICHOLAS,
beautifully bound, will be awarded.

LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

1. An eminent and noble-hearted American, a native of Kentucky, of whom Ralph Waldo Emerson said: "He is the true history of the American people of his time." He died from violence, forty-three years after the death of No. 2.

2. A Hanoverian; the son of a musician. Though a distinguished organist in early life, he did not begin until the age of thirty the scientific study that made him one of the most eminent men of the century. He was a great discoverer of things that have never been on earth. His son bears a distinguished rank in his father's profession.

3. A great musical composer. He wrote sonatas at the age of ten. In his prime, he produced principally what is known as sacred music. His oratorios give him his highest fame. He was blind for several years before his death. He lies in Westminster Abbey, though he was born in Prussian Saxony.

4. A celebrated Flemish painter. He was once an ambassador to England, and was knighted by a king of England and by a king of Spain. His most famous picture is in Antwerp. He was a superb colorist.

5. An Italian mathematician and natural philosopher. Also an inventor and world-renowned discoverer. He

was cast into prison on account of his teachings. You can find one of the signs of the zodiac in his name.

6. The greatest man in his own calling the world has ever seen. His wife was older than himself. The year of his death is the repetition of two numerals, and the request made from his grave has been honored for centuries.

7. A great German reformer, the son of a miner. Among his many literary labors, a very important translation stands chief. His character was distinguished for ardent zeal and unconquerable courage, combined with generosity of heart and great prudence when occasion demanded. Carlyle says of him: "He was not only the tongue, but the sword of his time."

8. An Italian statesman and diplomatist. He has been considered the incarnation of ambition, craft, and revenge. His name has been made odious by some writers, while others, claiming that he has been misrepresented, defend him as a fine scholar and true patriot. His masterpiece was a history of Florence.

9. An Italian poet of great renown. A lofty, solemn, grand-natured man, whose poetry is a delight to scholars and thoughtful readers. His greatest poem was not known to the world until after his death. He took an active part in the politics of Florence, and finally was banished from his native city for life.

10. A noble and heroic character. An illustrious knight and a commander in a sacred cause, he refused to be made a king, saying "he would never accept a

crown of gold where his Savior had worn a crown of thorns. He is the hero of one of the works of a celebrated Italian poet.

11. An emperor, a king of France, the founder of an empire and also of a dynasty of kings. He built a cathedral especially for his own burial-place. He established churches, monasteries, and schools, and promoted learning, arts, and civilization. He was the most powerful monarch of his time, and he died thousands of years after the flood.

12. Surnamed "the Great." A famous Eastern city is named after him. At his death he divided his empire between his three sons, whose names all began with the same letter.

13. A celebrated historian. One of the greatest men and ablest generals that ever lived. Six of his words have become immortal. Three were written in his letter to the Roman Senate, and three were uttered as his murderers fell upon him.

14. A great general of ancient times. When he was nine years old, his father took him to Spain, and made him swear on the altar of the Gods eternal hostility to the Romans. When over sixty years of age, he took poison to escape the power of his enemies.

15. An illustrious Greek philosopher, and a man of great culture. He received his surname from a Greek word signifying broad, on account of the breadth of his forehead, or, as some say, of his shoulders. He was once sold as a slave, but was ransomed.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals form the names of two American poets. 1. An English clergyman celebrated for his eccentricities and religious zeal. 2. A reiterated exclamation. 3. Established rules. 4. A dexterous movement. 5. Ambiguous. 6. That which lives forever.

A. O'N.

EASY REBUS.



LATIN WORD-PYRAMID.

THE center, left side, and right side form a celebrated message. Cross-words: 1. A letter originally wanting. 2. One-third of a day's work. 3. A conjunction. 4. Unworthy persons.

KOIRER.

SQUARE-WORD.

To be my first each tree can claim;
My next, a bird of noble name;
My third set people shiv'ring round;
My fourth the antelope is found;
My fifth, the brewer likes his beer
When ready customers appear.

J. P. B.

INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.

THE blanks in each sentence are to be filled with words pronounced alike but spelled differently. 1. The — tree grew by the —. 2. The — had reference to the —. 3. You will not — if you wear —. 4. The — was fastened to a —.

CYRIL DEANE.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. Something with which to catch fish. 3. A peculiar kind of puzzle. 4. A certain measure for liquids. 5. A consonant.

T. W.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(The name of a famous English author.)

My first is in chair, but not in seat;
My second is in hot, and also in heat;
My third is in have, but not in hold;
My fourth is in brave, but not in bold;
My fifth is in lake, but not in pond;
My sixth is in pledge, but not in bond;
My seventh is in sharp, but not in dull;
My eighth is in draw, but not in pull;
My ninth is in sin, and also in crime;
My tenth is in cent, but not in dime;
My eleventh is in knock, but not in hit;
My twelfth is in glove, but not in mit;
My thirteenth is in pen, but not in quill;
My fourteenth is in sick, but not in ill.

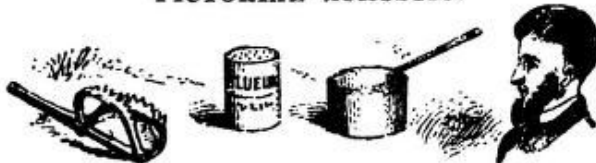
RUBY SEAL.

EASY ENIGMA.

THIS enigma is composed of five letters. The 1, 5, 4, 2, 3 is to deserve. The 4, 5, 1, 2, 3 is to send. The 3, 2, 1, 5, 4 is a watch or clock. The whole is worn by high priests.

CYRIL DEANE.

PICTORIAL ACROSTIC.



DIAMOND REMAINDERS.

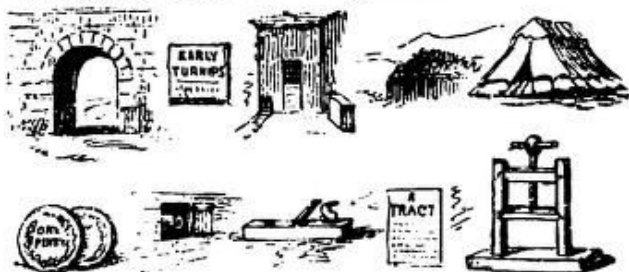
BEHEAD and curtail words having the following significations, and form a complete diamond: 1. Part of an animal. 2. Forms. 3. Necessary to boats. 4. Parts of ships. 5. A cave.

The following form the diamond: 1. A part of every atlas. 2. A short poem. 3. To spoil. 4. A tree. 5. A letter.

C. D.

PREFIX PUZZLE.

(Prefix a word to each of these designs and make a word of it.)



HIDDEN SQUARE-WORD.

1. ELLA, have you done that hem? 2. O, what have you there? 3. Will you ever finish that work? 4. Come to me, Rebecca.

J. J. T.

CHARADE.

I AM composed of three syllables, of which my first is a little river in England that gave name to a celebrated university; my second is always near; my third sounds like several large bodies of water; and my whole is the name of a Persian monarch, the neighing of whose horse gave him a kingdom and a crown.

F. R. F.

ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixteen letters. My 7, 5, 2, 6, 8 is a large man. My 8, 9, 15 is a weight. My 8, 11, 10 is a combination of metal. My 12, 2, 8 is a small animal. My 3, 2, 3, 4 is an article of ornament. My 1, 14, 16 is what old people sometimes wear. My 13 is a consonant. My whole is the name of an American author.

J. J. T.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. BEHEAD, in eloquence, that part which tells,
And leave a class of snails that have no shells.
2. Behead an instrument for marking sound,
And leave a girl's name, with fair meaning found.
3. Behead a covering for the head in fight,
And leave a constellation large and bright.
4. Behead a kind of grief, and for the rest
Find a white bird who wears a handsome crest.

B.

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. COME, men, to work. 2. This lance I entomb in the earth. 3. Mr. Lucas has come home. 4. Give Bob a lesson to learn. 5. Is Louise a selfish girl? 6. Do you consider Otto talented? 7. She rows a boat nicely. Concealed in the above sentences are seven words having the following significations: 1. A keepsake. 2. Old. 3. Money. 4. To pack. 5. An artist's necessity. 6. The whole amount. 7. A famed individual. These words, written down in regular order, will form a double acrostic, the initials and finals naming two Shakespearian plays.

CYRIL DEANE.

Othello Macbeth

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

EASY ENIGMA.—"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

PREFIX PUZZLE.—Prefix FORE. Forearm, Forecastle, Foreclosed, Fore-horse, Forelock, Foreman, Forewheel, Foreside, Foresail, Foredeck.

BURIED PLACES.—1. Augusta. 2. Utica. 3. Sing Sing. 4. Lowell. 5. Troy. 6. Skaneateles.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—

S
I T
P E N
P E R I
A N T I C
W R E T C H
A L L E G R O
B A S S V I O L
D I P T H E R I A
D R E A R I N E S S

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Milton, Handel.

M—arc—H
I—d—A
L—io—N
T—oa—D
O—liv—E
N—ai—L

EASY METAGRAM.—Gull, Hull, Pull, Dull, Full, Lull.

CHARADE, No. 1.—Larkspur.

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Bush, Tree.

B—us—T
U—she—R
S—al—E
H—ar—E

ENIGMA, No. 2.—The Riddle-Box.

A FLOWER ACROSTIC.—Hans Christian Andersen.—Heartsease, Althaea, Narcissus, Snowdrop, Chrysanthemum, Heliotrope, Rosemary, Ivy, Spirea, Tuberose, Iris, Amaranth, Nasturtium, Anemone, Nigella, Daisy, Elder-blossom, Reseda (Mignonette), Syringa (Lilac), Eglantine, Nymphaea (Water-lily).

SPORTIVE ANAGRAMS.—1. Draughts—hard tugs. 2. Tennis—sent in. 3. Some do in dominoes. 4. Hours at—authors. 5. Or she—horse. 6. Rambles—marbles. 7. Spent in—tenpins. 8. But not—button. 9. Venison—in ovens. 10. Antelope—one plate.

CHARADE, No. 2.—Horse-chestnut.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

L
S E T
S C O R E
L E O P A R D
T R A C E
E R E
D

ELLIPSES.—1. Guy. 2. Clarence. 3. Dan. 4. Jesse. 5. Frank. 6. Benjamin. 7. Joseph. 8. Lewis. 9. George. 10. Bertram. 11. Eddy. 12. Harry. 13. Jonathan. 14. Robert.

PICTORIAL ENIGMA.—Central Picture: A Terrible Adventure. Bird, Terrier, Arab, Nail, Rat, Vine, Tub, Rule, Tarn, Tavern, Burnt, Beet, Turtle, Eel, Bat, Barn, Net, Nut, Tern, Bear, Tail, Bridle, Barrel, Turret, Tent.

There was a mistake in the puzzle in the October number entitled "Reversals." The only answers that could be given to the two final clauses are: "Snap—pans," for No. 6, and "Trip—pirt" for No. 7; but the former is hardly admissible, and the latter, of course, incorrect. The answers to the first five are: 1. Meet—team. 2. Brag—garb. 3. Bats—stab. 4. Deer—reed. 5. Spot—tops.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN OCTOBER NUMBER were received, previous to October 18, from Florence E. Hyde, "Gussie," Willie P. Dibblee, Lena Dibblee, Beammie Johnson, Beula Ingels, Lulu F. Potter, Hattie F. Johnson, E. Louise Tibbetts, Georgie Hays, Abbie N. Gunnison, Arnold Guyot Cameron, Madeline Palmer, "L. and N.," Bessie H. Van Cleef, "A Sunbeam," Charles W. Coleman, "Sunflower and Hollyhock," Jessie G. Mackintosh, Julia Lathers, "Pearl," Harry Wigmore, Mamie A. Johnson, "Mayflower,"